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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT IN CELEBRATION OF THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM

Goering is at Hitler's right; the scene, Army Leaders' Hall in Munich. Keystone photo.

Hitler—and After

HITLER OVER EUROPE. By Ernst Henri. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

ONCE more a corporal has been raised high above the commonalty, but since history never exactly repeats herself, it is not to the tangible Imperial honors of that Latin Buonoparte that Hitler has aspired but to something Germanic, to something both vaguer and more exalted.

"Herr Reichs Chancellor Hitler" seemed, six weeks ago, to be well on his way to becoming a mythical or even a semi-divine personage, and observers in Berlin saw (with a sense of sitting at the side of the auditorium and seeing how the conjuring trick is being done), that he was even then passing through the stage of being simply "Adolf Hitler"—one whom no earthly title could further adorn—and was fast becoming a divine being, one whose name is too sacred to speak,—"The Leader."

And now "The Leader" is perceived clearly to be not so much leading as laying about him. The demigod's ineffable calm is broken, his screams tear the night, heads roll, and he is seen clutching at this and at that to avoid, or rather to postpone, a fall that most people believe to be inevitable.

This is the moment at which anyone who takes any interest in events in Germany will want above all to make up his mind on one point. We want to know what were the forces and what the tensions that thrust our Little Corporal up "to that bad eminence." For if we can form an opinion on that we can also indulge in that intoxicating sport—Political Prophecy.

The present writer left Berlin in mid May. Two visits on official business had brought her into contact not only with officials and political personages but with the trained observers of three nations—that is with a covey of the world's best press correspondents who spoke much that could not be written. The history of the last ten days in Germany has given her all the warm sensation of a successful political prognosticator. But the truth is that much of the sagacity with which she is credited she owes not to personal observation but to having read two months ago in England the page proofs of Mr. Ernst Henri's "Hitler Over Europe." Read this book, and the German news of last week and of the next three months will take on a new meaning; conceal the book from your friends, and you too can take on the wise and mysterious airs of one who "saw it coming all along." For the outline of this book was written (in newspaper articles in England) last summer before the Vienna upheaval, and while the present violent tensions within the National Socialist party were still a closely guarded palace secret.

Ernst Henri's analysis has then been justified by two major political events. All the fault that can be found with his book is that events which he foretold have happened with a breathless swiftness which neither he nor such victims as Schleicher and Ernst Roehm foresaw. How then does this amazingly well informed and clear-headed analyst see the German situation?

In the first place, he has this to say about the origin of the power of the National Socialist party. He denies entirely that it was ever the party of the "Little man," the peasant proprietor and the small shopkeeper, as was once so movingly announced and so generally believed.

> The middle class was not the driving force, it was driven. Its sons certainly imagined that they were fighting for the interests of their fathers and for their own ideals when in February, 1933, they swarmed out of the storm troop barracks and struck down Jews, socialists, communists, and defenceless workers. In reality both they and Hitler followed the dictates of a higher power. That power was the heavy-industry oligarchy, the force was that of the high international politics of Coal and Steel. Not Hitler but Thyssen, the great magnate of the Ruhr and the successor of Stinnes, not Dr. Joseph Göbbels but the firm of Krupp are the prime movers in National Socialism.

The most eloquent of the proofs of this contention that our author brings forward

(*Continued on page* 806)

David Hume

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IT has now been almost precisely two hundred years since a young Scotch student, then resident in the Jesuit college of La Flèche, which had once housed "the father of modern philosophy," broke in on his companion's discussion of a recent miracle with an argument against all such phenomena which not only, as he said, "very much gravelled" his companion but became a standard refutation of miracles in general—except to believers. It was perhaps a tribute to the educational skill of the Jesuits, then reckoned the best schoolmasters in Europe, and the faculty of La Flèche were doubtless fortunate in being able to attract such talented students to their institutions. Yet they might well have wondered sometimes whether their instruction was not, possibly, too good, the intellectual stimulus they afforded possibly too great. For one of these pupils was René Descartes, the other David Hume; and each of them, so far from contributing to the spread of the true faith as it was understood by the good fathers of La Flèche, worked mightily to the undermining of that faith.

Between the moment when the youthful David Hume took issue with his companion on the subject of miracles and the moment that he died, just as the news of the American Declaration of Independence reached Great Britain, his life took tone from two great influences. In philosophy he was reckoned in his day an advanced thinker of radical tendencies; in politics—though Johnson said of him that he was "only a Tory by chance"—he was an equally pronounced conservative. He was, like so many of us, a paradox. Though he was long an office-holder under the British government, he resented Puritanism and English demagogues so much that he even hoped for the triumph of the Americans over the "barbarous" countrymen and followers of John Wilkes. He was a scholar who never attained a professor's gown but had to be content with a post as librarian. He was a philosopher who acted as judge advocate to General St. Clair in a uniform which made him look, as Lord Charlemont said, "like a grocer of the train bands"; he was under-secretary in an English ministry and to the British Embassy in Paris, and he enjoyed a pension from the English government. He was a philosopher who was inordinately proud of his family, fond of food and drink and cards, concerned about his health, still more concerned for popular applause, and most of all concerned for the financial rewards of his reputation—and made a fortune out of philosophy and history and the offices they brought!

To those entirely unacquainted with philosophers such mundane interests may seem astonishing; but this is only half the tale of Hume and human inconsistency. Philosophers are popularly, if incorrectly, supposed to be men of mature years, immune from human frailties, long pondering the mysteries of life, experienced in its infinite complexities, indifferent to popular opinion and applause, still more indifferent to financial gain—and some are. But Hume published his "Treatise on Human Nature" when he was twenty-six, and when it fell "dead-born from the press," he was profoundly disappointed—but being, as he said, "naturally of a cheerful and sanguine Temper," he went on. His first "Essays" he published when he was thirty-one; and was as deeply gratified at forty with the success of his "Political Discourses" as he was depressed by the reception of its immediate successor, his "Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals," which, though "incomparably the best" of his writings, "came unnoticed and unobserved into the world."

Whether or not it was his relative failure to gain such recognition—and such rewards—as he desired from philosophy, at the age of forty-one he turned to other courses. The Faculty of Advocates of Edinburgh elected him librarian, and in such favorable surroundings, with ample leisure and plenty of books, with a fortune of a thousand pounds which, to his friends' amusement, he declared made him independent, he turned historian, on the principle, perhaps, of Bolingbroke's pronouncement that history is philosophy teaching by example. For that pursuit, besides his studies in philosophy, he was equipped with some knowledge of the world, acquired first as a student in Edinburgh; then as a clerk or apprentice to a Bristol merchant—an atmosphere which he found "stifling"; then as a student for three years in France; still other years in Scotland; as a tutor to the son of the Marquess of Annandale, then as secretary and aide-de-camp to General St. Clair in Venice and Turin. It was a varied and fruitful preparation for his new enterprise, and to it he added other qualifications for his task. He was at the age when, it is said, good history is written; he was financially at ease; he had long training as a writer, and he had leisure. Such were the prime requisites for historical composition.

If Bolingbroke was right, there is nothing surprising in a philosopher turning historian; it is, in fact, a natural transition. But in Hume's methods, and in his anticipations, there lies another paradox. Most

*THE LETTERS OF DAVID HUME. Edited by J. Y. T. Greig. New York: Oxford University Press.

This Week

RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS
As told to OSKAR VON RIESEMANN
Reviewed by Charles Roland

VITALITY
By BORIS SOKOLOFF
Reviewed by Yandell Henderson

A PRIMER FOR TOMORROW
By CHRISTIAN GAUSS
Reviewed by J. C. Long

THE WAYS OF WHITE FOLKS
By LANGSTON HUGHES
Reviewed by Vernon Loggins

OUR MASTER'S VOICE
By JAMES RORTY
Reviewed by Suzanne La Follette

AMERICAN PARABLE
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SECOND CLASS MAIL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PETER STERRY, PLATONIST AND PURITAN
By VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO
Reviewed by Paul Elmer More

Next Week or Later

SOCIALISM AT THE CROSS-ROADS
By SIDNEY HOOK

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historians begin at the beginning of their task and pursue it chronologically. Hume, in a sense, began at the end and wrote, as it were, more or less backward. "Frightened," as he said, "with the Notion of continuing a Narrative through a period of 1700 years," he commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart to the English throne, that period, he declared, when "the Misrepresentations of Faction began chiefly to take place"—that is to say with the dawn of modern politics, or democracy, or whatever one chooses to call it. The writing of the history of the first two Stuart reigns took him some three years; and the unfavorable reception of his book was so astonishing and so depressing that he thought of going to France, changing his name, and spending the rest of his life in some obscure provincial town.

His disappointment at the lack of popularity of his history seems as surprising as his idea that he could expect a favorable verdict—or it would be if all authors were not more or less like that. The reason for his failure to gain immediate recognition seems simplicity itself. He wrote a Tory history in a period of Whig ascendancy. Incredible as it may appear, with his experience of the world, and, as a philosopher, presumably skilled in the workings of the human mind, he dreamed that though, as he declared, he "was the only Historian that had at once neglected present Power, Interest, and Authority and the Cry of popular Prejudices," he might expect "proportional Applause." That is, indeed, precisely what he got. He was, as it seems to us, unreasonably amazed and disappointed when, as he tells us, he was "assailed by one Cry of Reproach, Disapprobation, and Detestation; English, Scotch, Irish, Whig, and Tory; Churchman and Secretary, Free Thinker and Religionist, Patriot and Courtier, united against a man who had presumed to shed a generous Tear for the Fate of Charles I and the Earl of Stratford."

Yet though, as he averred, he scarcely "heard of one Man in the three Kingdoms, considerable for Rank of Letters, that could endure the Book"—except the Primates of England and of Ireland—he went on with his History. He could not go to France, for the outbreak of the Seven Years' War made it impracticable; and, after that, the fear that, if he went, the charming Comtesse de Boufflers might marry him despite himself, made it inadvisable. Two years later he published his second volume, which covered the period from Charles I's death to the Restoration. In "the year of victories," 1759, while England rejoiced over the conquest of the French in Canada and India, he published the history of the Tudor period, which, according to him, was as badly received as his first volume. By that time he was, as he observed, "callous against the Impressions of public Folly"; and, as the war wore to a close, he issued the two final volumes covering the earlier part of English history. Meanwhile he published his "Natural History of Religion" with some lesser works; and meanwhile, too, despite his incessant complaints of his unpopularity, his royalties made him not merely independent, but, as he conceived it, wealthy.

As one reads his letters and compares his grumblings with the facts, Hume seems at least disingenuous and his accounts of his ill reception both untrue and exaggerated. His first volume sold, it is said, but forty-five copies in its first twelvemonth, and it is difficult to believe that forty-five copies could have raised such a tremendous outpouring of objuration as he credits himself with in that period. On the other hand he received four hundred pounds for the first edition of that volume; seven hundred for the second, which, as he said, helped to reinforce the first, then eight hundred guineas for the copyright of the two; then fourteen hundred pounds for the last two volumes. In all, his "copy money" exceeded, as he said, that of any previous English writer.

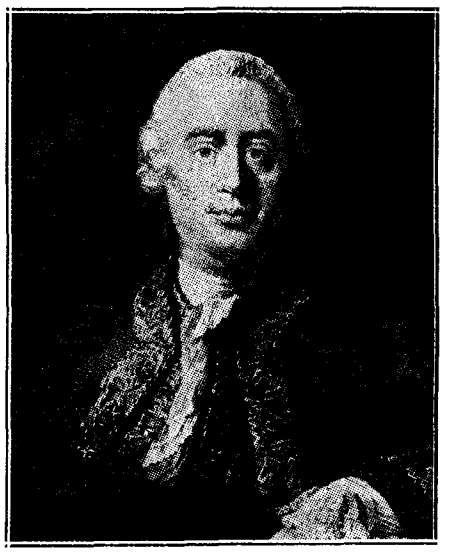
Moreover, his reputation brought him further rewards. As the Peace of Paris was being signed, Lord Hertford made him secretary to the British Embassy in Paris, where he was loaded with civilities and compliments and acted for a time as *chargé d'affaires* at a handsome salary. Thence, much gratified with his honors, and, as he takes pains to say, "with much more money and a much larger Income by means of Lord Hertford's friendship," he returned to Edinburgh. For two years he was an undersecretary in the Grafton-Pitt ministry; and, returning to Edinburgh again, he built himself a new house and lived in luxury the rest of his days. Besides his royalties he had been paid generously for his public employments; Bute conferred a considerable pension on him; and he had for some years half pay for his quasi-military services to which he clung as long as possible. This for one who had been "passing rich on forty pounds a year" and had early ambitions for a not overly well paid professorship of "ethics and pneumatic philosophy" in Edinburgh, seems no ground for complaint, least of all for a complaint of "public folly." He was a recognized leader in European thought; he corresponded with Voltaire, with d'Alembert, Horace Walpole, and even Benjamin Franklin. He befriended, then quarrelled, with the ungrateful and unbalanced Rousseau, whom he had brought to England. He was an intimate friend of Adam Smith and Lord Kames; and, apart from his great reputation in philosophy, he was, with Robertson and Gibbon, one of the great triumvirate of British historians. Thus, with an income of a thousand pounds a year, rich, respected, vastly pleased with a career which had brought him reputation which he valued much, and a fortune which he valued certainly not less, he passed his declining years as an eminent member of that brilliant circle which made Edinburgh in his days not only "the Athens of the North" but one of the great intellectual centers of the world.

He was fully conscious of his eminence and he enjoyed it all. Even now one may find amusement in his letters to his historical colleagues. Hume and Robertson were translated into French by the same lady; and Hume, writing to Robertson in regard to this, cannot forbear to tell his Scotch confrère of his good fortune. He had been received and complimented by the Dauphin's family; he had been applauded by every class of French society, especially the highest. "I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers," he adds with pawky Scotch humor lurking in the words. And when the first volume of Gibbon's History appeared, Hume wrote him in a certain patronizing strain:

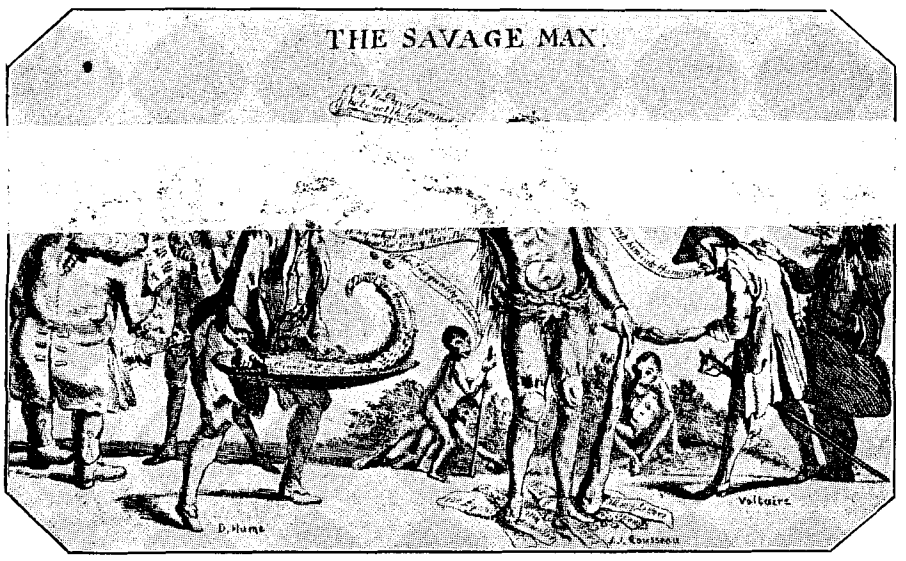
> Whether I consider the Dignity of your Style, the Depth of your Matter, or the extensiveness of your Learning, I must regard the work as equally the object of Esteem; and I own, that if I had not previously had the Happiness of your personal Acquaintance, such a Performance, from an Englishman in our Age, would have given me some surprize.

Such was the esteem in which Hume was held in France; such the esteem of Englishmen in Scotch minds; such the qualities which made for eminence in eighteenth century historical writing—first style, then "matter," then learning; and such the qualities which made for Hume's reputation as a historian. And, finally, such was the eminence of Hume that he could write to men like Robertson and Gibbon in such terms.

He was, then, besides being a model for the young, an admirable example of the race at that time busily engaged in the conquest of the nation to which it had been united some four years before Hume was born. He was a shrewd, able, thrifty, ambitious, and successful Scotsman. Yet even here there was a paradox. While his ingenious fellow-countrymen had been busy making their fortunes in law and and politics and business, Hume found fame and fortune both, not in commercial and professional activities, but in what seems the least promising of fields, in contemplation of the eternities and immensities, in the pursuit of history and philosophy. He deserved it all; for David Hume, if not "the intellectual king of the eighteenth century," was one of its greatest intellects. If he was not "the last great British philosopher," he was certainly one of the greatest. He was, and he remains, one of the chief intellectual figures of modern times; and, as Carlyle once pointed out, he was, unlike Johnson, a



DAVID HUME
From the portrait by Allan Ramsay



HUME, ROUSSEAU, AND VOLTAIRE IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARTOON
From "Young Boswell" by Chauncey B. Tinker (Atlantic Monthly Press)

Tory dominance, and the reign of George III was no less the reign of Hume.

So for three-quarters of a century his great work held the field against all comers as the "standard" account of English history. Not until that "resolute, learned, and industrious Whig," the now forgotten Brodie, ventured to challenge Hume in the eighteen-twenties did the Whigs pluck up courage to attack his history; and the very essay in the *Edinburgh Review* which led the charge is the best proof of Hume's great influence and enduring charm. "The great support of . . . Tory opinion," it agreed, "has of late years been found chiefly in Hume's history." "Both the prejudices which infect the few genuine Tories of the present day," as well as popular sentiments, "may be justly ascribed to the impression which the artful coloring and delusive reasonings of that book have made on public opinion—an impression which the excellence of the writing, the acuteness of the observations, and the apparent fairness of the deductions, have all tended powerfully to con-

are still read and studied, his ideas debated, his influence still powerful.

He is, in fact, perhaps as potent an influence in the field of philosophy as ever. But his fate as a historian has been far different. Who now reads Hume—at least for history? Or, for that matter, who besides professional philosophers reads his philosophy? Yet a hundred years ago men read him for both things; read and attacked him both. In his lifetime he wrote that he "possessed the love of all men, except all the Tories, all the Whigs and all the Christians." The Whigs denounced him for his political teachings, the Tories and the Christians for his theological principles. So, taken all in all, he should have been well satisfied—as he was; since this complaint, like all his other grumblings was, one suspects, merely "the pride that apes humility"; for Hume was a great man, fully conscious of his eminence.

Of his influence, even his historical influence, there can be no doubt. He wrote his "History" at the flood tide of Whig success. Almost romantically attached to the House of Stuart—for such a fat man—he challenged the principles of the party which had overthrown that House, and contributed powerfully to that Tory tradition in which, even as he wrote, the Hanoverian prince, George III, was being reared to overthrow the Whigs. With Bolingbroke and Blackstone he broke the Whig hold on the minds of people and sovereign alike, and did his part in establishing the Tory supremacy which lasted sixty years. No book since Clarendon did so much to rehabilitate the cause of the old Cavaliers; no book until Macaulay did so much to change a people's attitude toward its past. For Hume replaced Rapin's defence of the Revolution of 1688 with a defence of Stuart rule; and as the Huguenot follower of William III had interpreted their history to the English people in terms of Whig principles, this Scotch follower of the Stuarts reinterpreted that history in terms of Tory traditions. In how far it was the cause, in how far the effect, the great age of his History coincided with that of Whig attack went on. Their greatest champions entered the lists against him; among them John Stuart Mill and Macaulay, each then beginning his career. But Mill's and Macaulay's diatribes broke as harmlessly upon that magic style as Brodie's charge of inaccuracy. Not merely did Hume's "History" remain the standard reading of the period as it had long been almost a requisite of polite education. It was reprinted, re-edited, revised, abbreviated, even expurgated; and among the curiosities of literature there remains the title of one of these latter works—"Hume's History of England. Revised for Family Use, with such Omissions and Alterations as may render it Salutary to the Young, and unexceptional to Christians."

Moreover, Hume's influence was not confined to the effect of his "History" on the popular mind; nor this the end of the extraordinary paradox that was David Hume. He was, he wrote, equally opposed to the Whig doctrine of the contract theory of government and to the Tory doctrine of passive obedience; and Carlyle observed that he was "the father of all succeeding Whigs," as Johnson was of all succeeding Tories. There is some ground for that. Hume's influence on Bentham and even on the republican Godwin, was profound; and in the field of economics he had the distinction of influencing Adam Smith and Malthus. For among his other qualifications as a great man was his insatiable curiosity in almost every field of human interest, and he adorned whatever field he touched. He even wrote an essay on public credit, and, being Scotch, he was vastly concerned over what seems a peculiarly modern problem, that of savings, investments, and public revenues. His was, in fact, a universal intellect.

That, among other things, is what made his "History" so long-lived and popular. There is scarcely a chapter in the book which does not consider both the situation of the world at large and the social and economic problems of the times of which he writes. The price of food and drink, the problems of wages and taxation,

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the habits and customs and occupations of the people, fill many pages of a work which for the first time in English historiography found space for what is too often regarded as the product of our day. In a true sense Hume was the father of the "New" history.

But most of all his style—clear, luminous, if slightly Latinized prose, with a touch here and there of Scottish influence, and more of Gallic lucidity, easy, graceful, interesting, and eminently readable—proved that, if the style is the man himself, whatever he may have lacked in scholarship he made up in mind. For he applied, as has been aptly said, intelligence to history. He wrote with judgment, insight, even humor; he made good reading out of history; good reading, still; and, with all his faults of facts, there are few faults of style. It was not learned history. No man could write the chronicle of the reigns of James I and Charles I in three years according to the scholarly standards of our time—despite the fact that Mr. Wells wrote a world history in that period. It took Professor Gardiner a lifetime to cover the ground of Hume's first volume.

In consequence the three great forces which make against historians' immortality set to work to break down Hume's long rule. The first was the changing temper of the times; the second, scholarship; the third, the altered taste in literary style. Of these charges only one will hold—he was unscholarly. "No one," observes the latest history of English literature, "now reads Hume's history." And yet—and yet, it still goes on to say, "Our more conscientious and more enlightened historians might learn much from it as regards the form in which the results of their labors might be presented; its defects in matter, therefore, are of little consequence, while its dignity, its masterly composition and its excellence of expression, render it a literary achievement of the highest order." Even that high priest of the newest school, Strachey, once declared that "one may still find entertainment and even instruction in Hume, especially in his study of the Tudors and the Stuarts." For Hume, he says, "was an extremely intelligent man, and anything he had to say on the English history could not fail to be worth attending to."

Such is the epitaph of the great eighteenth century historian and philosopher as written by the exponent of the twentieth century. It is an estimate of Hume and of his century; it may not inaptly be regarded as an estimate of Strachey and our times. In its every phrase one may perceive that its author had read and pondered Hume. It has no word of skepticism or the lack of a religious element; it has no word of Tory or of Whig; and this marks a distinction from Hume's critics of an earlier age. Hume was no orthodox Christian in an earlier sense; yet that disturbs this generation little, if at all. That he was deeply concerned with religion, his long attention to religious subjects proves. He tried his best to know and understand what that religion was. His skepticism offends this generation not at all, for it is even more skeptical than he. Nor is it now concerned with Tories or with Whigs; for its political philosophy has long since passed the limits set by them.

And yet one thing remains. In a time when what we now call "facts" threaten to overwhelm men's limited capacity to handle them and find out what they mean; when masses of information seem impossible of such literary treatment as he gave them; when statistics tend to replace the operations of the human mind; when fluent journalism supersedes the literary dignity of such history as he wrote; what then becomes of Hume? The answer has been given—no one reads his "History"—except, perhaps, people like Mr. Strachey! For the rest it remains one of those great monuments of the past, which hurrying throngs glance at and pass by. However much scholars might improve their style by studying it, they scorn it for its inaccuracies; however little the multitude may care for those inaccuracies in their current books, they shun it for its style. And both are poorer for neglect of it.

RACHMANINOFF READING THE PROOF OF HIS THIRD CONCERTO
From "Rachmaninoff's Recollections."

Wilbur Cortez Abbott, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of "Conflicts with Oblivion."

A Musician in Exile

RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS. As told to Oskar von Riesemann. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ROLAND

THE war between art and propaganda is raging on every front. Currently it invests the literary scene. A while back, in the mural battle of Radio City, it centered about the painter's walls. In music it reached its acme in the breach, never healed, between Sergei Rachmaninoff and the Soviet government of Russia. Their duel, in which honors now stand about even, has outlived its usefulness.

This reviewer does not hesitate, therefore, to urge a reconciliation between the composer and his government. His absorbing volume of reminiscences betrays on every page a decided nostalgia. It is true that Rachmaninoff, jointly with Count Ilya Tolstoy, signed a letter proclaiming rancor against his government. In turn the Russian press denounced performances of his works, flinging the epithet "bourgeois" at his art. All the same, the Soviet government knows better than that, and has carefully preserved and documented his papers, compiling and publishing a brochure which Rachmaninoff himself has had to consult, to learn accurate dates for his book.

His friend, von Riesemann, has portrayed on vivid canvas, though not with any abundance of literary skill, the high state of music in Russia's pre-war years. Intense rivalry actuated the efforts of the St. Petersburg school, then deemed radical, and the Moscow school, priding itself on conservatism.

Tchaikovsky was the god of the Moscow school; his successor was Rachmaninoff, who, it may be mentioned, is a cousin of Alexander Siloti. Moscow nurtured another eminent musician, Scriabin, classmate of Rachmaninoff. The musical rulers of St. Petersburg were Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Borodin. Apart from this rivalry, in the scene too were Rachmaninoff's life-long friend, Chaliapin; the head of the Moscow Art Theater, Stanislavsky; and the husband of a splendid actress of the company, Chekhov.

Throughout his life Rachmaninoff has been beset by a triple quandary—was he composer, conductor, or virtuoso? Musical history, we believe, will set him down primarily as composer. But as a conductor, he attained substantial success. The urgencies of exile led him to adopt the concert platform to earn a livelihood.

His art transcends propaganda. And it yields the composer no reason to regret the concert platform. It bespeaks, too, a nobility of character which the music world has always recognized in him. On this score, the account of his relations with Scriabin merits the telling. The two, as has been said, were classmates; Rachmaninoff, highly born, served by many influential friends, winning fame and popularity at an early age. Scriabin was exceedingly poor, a dreamer and mystic.

Although cliques sought by every means to thrust one against the other, their efforts were in vain. On the sudden death of Scriabin in the early war years, Rachmaninoff went on a concert tour of Russia, confining his recitals to all-Scriabin programs. His appearance in a city filled the largest auditorium at once, so that Scriabin gained a wider audience than he had known in his lifetime.

The recollections, which laymen as well as musicians will warmly welcome, sharply contrast with the recent biographies of the de Reszkes and Paderewski. The de Reszke brothers had retired with the war, so that their memories spanned the golden days alone. To Paderewski the world upheaval opened new doors of triumph and renown. But Rachmaninoff learned to know, after dazzling success in youth, the sorrows of exile as an emigré. An invitation home might rectify that, and in the interest of art, we hope that it will.

Romantic Science

VITALITY. By Boris Sokoloff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by YANDELL HENDERSON

WHAT fiction is to history, and mysticism is to religion, such books as this are to science. This is not to say that the material in these pages is untrue. On the contrary it is in large part correct in regard to facts; and it presents many of the newest observations. But the facts are presented in an atmosphere like that of the scientific fiction of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells, except that their romancing is understood to be just romancing.

And yet any commuter looking for a book to fill the time until his train stops at the place where his family is summering will find these pages as enjoyable as, and much more informing than, a detective story. He will get a glimpse of Woods Hole alive with college professors and students, who spend their mornings in the laboratory and their afternoons in sea bathing and clam bakes. He will get references to the problems of vitality and senescence illustrated by reference to William James, to the Roosevelts, both T. R. and F. D., to Goethe, to Tolstoy, and to a number of men who have lived much longer and done less. Then he will be supplied with a chapter on lower organism well chopped up along with some hormones and endocrines, and particularly the "gland of life," the adrenals. He will read how John Huss was burned in 1415; how Wagner Jauregg applied malaria to the treatment of syphilis of the brain, and W. R. Whitney developed the "high frequency electric fever machine."

Next he will read of Lundsgaard's discovery that the formation of lactic acid is prevented by idioacetic acid; and will follow the trail through Liebig in his laboratory at Munich to Napoleon dying of cancer on St. Helena. He will skim through fatigue and relaxation and lactic acid as an intestinal antiseptic produced by the bacillus bulgaricus and the bacillus acidophilus, and on to the "revolt of the cells" in cancer and the work of Warburg and Rous. All of which leads to "a few concluding words on the amazing potentialities in human bodies, never yet fully exploited, because of our lack of knowledge of the Use of Self."

Dr. Sokoloff is stated on the inside of the paper cover of his book to be a physiologist, formerly Professor of Experimental Medicine at Lesgraft's University and a member of the Institute of Science at Petrograd, who has devoted his activity to research on cancer. He has worked in the past as a guest at the Rockefeller Institute, at the Cancer Institute of Columbia University, and at the George Washington University Medical School. At the present time he is associated with the organization of the International Cancer Prophylactic Institute.

Yandell Henderson is professor of applied physiology at Yale University.

Dean Gauss Writes of America's Destiny

A PRIMER FOR TOMORROW. By Christian Gauss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. C. LONG

THE significance of Dean Gauss's book lies in the fact that it is not solely concerned with economic recovery. It goes back to the primary question: What is the chief end of man?

Spengler, Siegfried, Salter, and other foreigners have contributed ably to our knowledge of the current scene. Dean Gauss with his mid-West upbringing is able to understand more fully the racial overtones and undertones which enter into American thought and action. He is aware that our temperament is emotional, illogical, and opportunist. He knows that we will not accept the communist evangel in its complete Russian form because we could never embrace so logical a state. He will not concede that Spengler's pessimistic conclusions are inevitable, because he believes that a people draws strength from the conviction of the value of its civilization. A vital belief in our destiny could defeat a Spenglerian decay.

The regenerative power of "A Primer for Tomorrow" appears as it evokes the reader's sense of proportion. Dean Gauss reminds us that the laws and shape of civilization have changed drastically from time to time during the several thousand years of civilized man. Feudal society knew little of money or credits. The rise of capitalism with its structure of corporations, interest, and deification of private profit, is a recent thing. If it fails to recover, that failure is no blow to the essential stability of man.

The changed condition of man today, moreover, and his real crisis, are to be found in the alteration of his ideas on the meaning of life. From the apogee of Greece to the Reformation, man's reliance was on divinity, Pagan or Christian. He rested on the verities of the past, secure in revealed religion. Then Protestantism (which also influenced even if it did not conquer the Roman communion) gave to man the burden of conscience.

The Protestant ethic, with its magnification of the individual, thrived in the expansive Ages of Discovery. Man's view shifted from the past to the future; and the belief in a developing future, in America at least, was justified continuously.

The modern age carried germs which grew to threaten its destruction. Nationalism once brought peace through uniting smaller groupings, but with the crowding of the world the nations in reaching out for more space are doubly perilous because of their very size.

Science has brought increase of knowledge and material facilities. But science as an evangel is arid and false. The notion that the chief end and inner nature of man were definable by material measurement raised havoc with popular faith and paved the way for the gospel of material success which reached its zenith in the 1920's. This last gospel is now taken from us.

Man can no longer live in the past, in tradition, because the current era differs sharply from its predecessors. He cannot live in rosy dreams of the future because the days to come are a blank. The test of civilization today lies far less in the technique of recovery than in the ability of man to evolve a satisfactory credo, while he reshapes his material world.

Dean Gauss has done much more than to describe our quandary. In pages which bristle with potential controversy he presents the goal of "commodious living" and challenges the forces which he believes oppose it. "A Primer for Tomorrow" is one of the most stirring adventures of the mind which have been provided in our time, a Sibylline book for our threatened civilization.

The John Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" has been awarded for this year to Cornelia Meigs, author of "Invincible Louisa: the Story of the Author of 'Little Women.'" The award was made at the Montreal Conference of the American Library Association.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Give the Public a Chance

The motion picture industry, which seems to have been plunged into gloom by the determination of the churches to purge it of some of its more sensational features, is taking humanity at its lowest worth if it sees disaster in this clipping of its wings. For what the public wants—as has been said a million times before—is not necessarily the shocking; it wants the romantic, the piquant, even the familiar, something through which it can either escape from the commonplace, or effect that transfer of perspective which makes the commonplace the romantic. It would be folly, of course, to deny the appeal the salacious has for many, and the eagerness with which many more respond to the titillation of their appetite for the sensational, but it none the less remains true that the public has proved again and again, in the case both of literature and the stage, that the belief that what the dear people want is excitation rather than excitement rests with those who provide entertainment for them rather than in themselves. The public-be-damned attitude is one thing, the public be kowtowed-to is another; in between is the sane point of view which takes into account tastes, preferences, and needs, and steers a course between the Scylla of arbitrary regimentation and the Charybdis of pandering to unworthy instincts.

Most persons are incurable romantics at soul. And most persons, no matter how prosaic their wont, give the romanticizing instinct play at times. Some there are whose flights of fancy are almost indistinguishable from their working moods, since romance for them means merely the extension to successful realization of the ambitions which animate their day. Others translate themselves from the world of reality to that of an existence beyond the field of their normal activities. But both respond to the something that lifts them out of a rut and lends color and excitement to life.

> Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
> To gild his dross thereby.

It is only the intellectual, of course, who rationalizes this attraction of the bizarre, the picturesque, or the grandiose as the desire for escape. The man in the street merely knows he wants to be diverted, and when he is diverted is well pleased. If motion-picture producers were psychologists instead of merely superficial observers of popular reactions, they would discover a hundred byways to the entertainment of the masses instead of following monotonously along the main travelled roads. Life for most of the world is a pretty drab affair, and any window to the unusual offers prospect of relief. It does not need the startling to lift man out of himself, but merely the interesting or the stimulating.

When it comes to the matter of securing material the motion picture industry is a hundred times blessed, for it has not only the raw material of the actual world to draw on, but, ready to its use, a wealth of literature capable of conversion for the screen that can meet the quirks of the most chameleon public taste. The screen, indeed, has in literature a fairy godmother whose largesse can indefinitely be counted upon. The great classics of humor have as yet hardly been touched; the possibilities of folklore and myth have scarcely been approached; the historical novel has been merely brushed in passing. A dozen stories, poems, or novels that have all the elements which have carried feeble scenarios to success, spring instantly to mind. There are hundreds more that could easily be named, and that would seem to have been neglected merely because of the fear that they might prove above the crude tastes which the producer regards as standard. Let the poor public have a chance. If the churches are going to take away the unhealthily sensational, let the commercial producers feed the instinct for melodrama and romance instead on some of the tales of adventure and love and grotesquerie whose popularity as literature over a period of years has proved their pulling power with the masses. There ought to be skill enough to adapt these to the screen without losing their flavor. And then perhaps literature as well as the public will be the gainer in that audiences will turn from the motion pictures to read the books from which they were drawn.

"DADDY'S BEEN TRANSLATED INTO THE SCANDINAVIAN."

Letters to the Editor: *Booksellers in Reply to Our Editorial of June 23*

From the A. B. A. President

SIR:—As president of the American Booksellers Association I would be tremendously interested in the publication of a list of "books, good books, books worth reading and worth buying" referred to in your editorial of June 23. Our association would be delighted to have such a list, particularly if you would be willing to see that it was posted in a prominent place in every village post office and public gathering place. We booksellers have evidently been wrong all along; we have been stocking our shelves with the books that people wanted and were willing to buy when we should have concentrated on the good, solid, worth while books that people ought to read but somehow never got around to. The beautiful Utopian picture of the Americans who would no longer have to go to England, France, and Germany in order to get a real armful of books, but who could within a short distance from home purchase enough books to make them stagger, would bring tears of joy to the eyes of every bookseller possessed of one of your magical lists. It hasn't been any fun to see people pretending to stagger out of bookstores with a copy of "Anthony Adverse."

No, my dear Mr. Editor, we fear that the trouble does not lie with the American bookshops but with the great American public that doesn't know that bookshops sell books. They have been fooled so often, they go to a drug store to buy drugs and are confronted with books; they go to a tea room for a bite to eat and again find books, even in banks and steamship offices, hardware stores and florists—always books. Is it any wonder that on passing a bookstore they clutch their pocketbooks and pass by with averted heads, thinking that they might be lured into buying an electric refrigerator, French underwear or five gallons of gasoline?

You have had your picture of the ideal bookshop, it is only fair that we should have ours. It is about the size of the Congressional Library with a large annex, say the new building that houses the NRA. It is backed financially by the Federal Reserve System. In it is every volume that anyone might possibly ask for. National legislation makes it necessary for everyone to read at least one book a week that they ought to read and three they want to read. Just to show that booksellers have decent feelings we will insist that with every sale will go a copy of your *Review* telling each and every customer just what they ought to select next week.

E. S. MCCAWLEY.

Haverford, Pa.

The Booksellers' Position

SIR:—The bitter attack on American bookselling in your editorial of June 23 will strike all those who have had actual connection with this industry as both ill-timed and ill-informed.

You contend that the bookstore does nothing for the good old classics. What, then, does make possible the issuing of "Lavengro," for example, in a current dollar edition? Not, surely, the reviewing mediums, but the displays in the ordinary garden variety of bookstores. You have overlooked the real difficulty of the bookseller whose impulses are to run a bookstore of both current and bookish interest, which is that the teaching practice of secondary schools and colleges drains off from the student any real enthusiasm for worthwhile reading. The old generation of bookish readers is not replaced with present buyers. The reason many good old books are not on bookstore shelves is because they are not known or wanted and would not be recognized or bought even if pushed into the hands of inquiring customers today. When Yale finds a Phelps and Harvard a Copeland they do well to congratulate themselves and booksellers may well have new hope.

You suggest that the bookseller should stock Dodsley's "Select Collection" and Bartram's "Travels" if he wishes to prosper, as those titles are "more likely to be the books desired" at the bookish bookstore than Marco Polo, "Moby Dick," or Emerson's Essays, which we all carry. Can we infer that you have in mind second-hand bookstores, only? There are many such, in this country as well as in England, but they do not seem to be prospering overwell, either; and their costs of selling are far more than ours.

You would have us feel apologetic for featuring "books on politics and current economics." We don't apologize and we are glad that we can have any part in interesting the public in that kind of reading. And you suggest that we must blush if we handle novels, as "such books are commercial commodities, published for an immediate need and almost valueless when that need is satisfied." Well, the booksellers have helped to make the great novels of the present generation known to hundreds of thousands of new and growing readers. Some of these may well be the classics of the next period of literary history and we do not regret that we failed to sell an occasional copy of Dodsley's "Select Collection" instead. Fifty detective stories, it is reported, are to be on the President's cruiser for his vacation, and perhaps no copy of Bartram's "Travels," (which you believe he would have selected if in Washington there had been any "real bookshop for the people who care for *books*.")

But the most unfortunate and regrettable part of your editorial was not essential to your chief criticism; yet the ordinary reader will inevitably magnify the minor detail of your argument and ignore your main point. He will seize upon the idea that he is not serving his own interests when he patronizes an independent bookstore, which "cannot be run on a low overhead" and "cannot sell current books cheaply and survive." The only meaning of this, to most people, would be that they must pay too much, unnecessarily, in a bookstore and that somewhere there exists a medium which can sell books at lower cost and would do so, to their advantage and gain, if not artificially restrained. But this is not the fact. No greater misconception or misrepresentation could be made in so few words. It is the large scale chain stores or sections of department stores, to which you point as the ideally effective commercial mediums, that cannot sell current books cheaply and survive, because it costs too much to sell them *there*.

Where did you get your data from which you concluded that the independent bookstores cost more to run than the average retail business, whether in a department store or elsewhere? You echo the misinformed popular idea, based upon current plausible but misleading propaganda that cannot be substantiated. The average cost of selling books in an independent bookstore has been shown by the Harvard Survey Reports to be 2% to 5% *less* than in the best-managed book departments of department stores.

The gross margin between cost to the bookseller and the selling price of books is limited and the owner-operated bookstore must operate within that limit, which is less than for almost any other line of merchandise comparable with books. The printed statistics issued by the National Retail Dry Goods Association, based upon the audited reports of all their members, show the operating cost of book departments (including depreciation, obsolescence, and share of administration expense) is greater than the gross margin of profit possible even if books are bought in quantity and sold at full prices. Nothing is to be gained by quoting in this place the exact figures, which are easily available to those who can properly understand and use them.

Because the book department is supposed to bring into the store a desirable class of general customers, the cost of operating that department is covered by profit in other merchandise that can be made to show a wider margin. And you will find that the percentage cost and loss

(*Continued on page 810*)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

HITLER OVER EUROPE. By ERNST HENRI. *Simon & Schuster.* An account of the origin, philosophy, and future of the Nazi party.

RACHMANINOFF'S RECOLLECTIONS. As told to OSKAR VON RIESEMANN. *Macmillan.* The biography of the composer and pianist.

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON. By MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. *Knopf.* A novel of Cossack Russia.

This Less Recent Book:

THE JOURNEY INWARD. By KURT HAUSER. *Viking.* A tale of adventure, actual and spiritual, in darkest Africa.

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Jazz-Consciousness

THE WAYS OF WHITE FOLKS. By Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by VERNON LOGGINS

NEGRO literature in this country has been flowing in an uninterrupted stream since it had its beginning with the much written about Phillis Wheatley just before the American Revolution. For most of its long course it has been calm, turning up little that could interest any one except the historian or the sociologist. But there have been flood periods.

One came during the twenty years preceding the Civil War; another between the years 1895 and 1905. And about 1920 a third was ushered in that is upon us still, and which has corresponded with the so-called jazz age. The Negro indeed—whether rightly or wrongly does not matter—was pointed out as the creator of jazz. Naturally he was filled with pride and the spirit of self-assertion. Jazz-consciousness was for him another Emancipation Proclamation. As an artist he was no longer obliged to speak haltingly in the idiom of the whites. They themselves were aping the idiom which he had created.

Among the Negro authors of the present no one has been more jazz-conscious than Langston Hughes. A little less than ten years ago he began publishing poems. Right from the start his aim was to put into English words the pulse and verve of jazz. Imagery and idea were of minor importance; the meaning of the poem depended upon the jazz overtones. Often—especially in his numerous specimens of the blues, which he regards as a distinct pattern, as binding in its laws as the sonnet—he has been astoundingly successful. In 1930 he published his one novel, "Not Without Laughter." The tempo is again that of jazz; but, because of the large proportions, the effect is to a great extent lost.

Now he gives us what seems to us his strongest work—"The Ways of White Folks," a collection of fourteen stories, each an intense drama projected before the reader with the suavity and gliding grace of Cab Calloway conducting the Cotton Club orchestra. Each of the stories deals primarily with a white person—the mother who prefers her daughter's death to an illegitimate grandchild, the rich *roué* who goes insane over his thwarted love for a Harlem high-yellow, the old maid who unconsciously falls in love with her Negro janitor, the Southerner who is defied by his mulatto son, and ten other

LANGSTON HUGHES

varying types. But while the force of the white person is felt, the drama of each story belongs to the Negro.

Perhaps the most satisfying tale in the volume is "The Blues I'm Playing," the chronicle of a wealthy patron of the arts who takes under her wing a black girl with extraordinary physical strength and a great talent for the piano. Mrs. Ellsworth instals the girl in a luxurious flat in Paris, engages Philippe to teach her, and makes her an interpreter of Beethoven and Brahms whom the European critics rush to praise. But to Oceola life means something else besides glory on the concert stage. Life means Pete, the Negro boy whom she has kept in her four-room apartment back in Harlem, whom she has lain in bed with planning a formal engagement and a wedding, whom she will join again when he is through with medical school. To the starved, rich Mrs. Ellsworth art lies in looking at the stars; to Oceola it lies in sitting at the piano and letting her fingers wander from Beethoven and Brahms to the blues—laughing and crying . . . white like you and black like me . . . like a man . . . like a woman . . . warm as Pete's kiss.

The story is ideal for Mr. Hughes's jazz touch. He has given it a superb telling. His cynicism, his sarcasm, his radicalism, and his urbane humor tumble and cavort throughout the volume. And there is scarcely a line in which his sophisticated jazziness is not felt. Reading the fourteen stories one after another is like listening with eyes closed to a Paul Whiteman concert of fourteen numbers.

Tonic or Purgative?

SHORT STORY HITS, 1933: *An Interpretative Anthology. Edited by Thomas H. Uzzell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1934. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

IN avoiding the "Best" label of Mr. O'Brien and others, the anthologist adopts one that isn't much better, for a "hit" ought surely to mean wide acceptance and actual popularity is by no means a requisite for inclusion in this assembly. If the items have hit Mr. Uzzell hard enough, they are elected. Some of them appeared in his first two classes, the "all fiction" and the "big circulation" magazines, and were automatically read if not raved over by millions. Others from the "literary" magazines had a chance of hitting relatively few readers. As for the tales from the "experimental" magazines, like *Contempo, Blast,* and *Frontier and Midland,* the potential hittees would have to be reckoned in the small hundreds. All our title means, in short, is that these are stories of the year which one intelligent reader thinks ought to have been hits; and this brings us out at about the starting-point of the "best" story guessers.

The fresh feature here is an uncommonly catholic taste or, if you like, strong stomach. The collector has a trace of the "good sailor's" attitude among a shipload of queasy ones. He enjoys his cigar and never misses a meal and can't help being a little complacent about it. But he doesn't dote on foul weather for its own sake. His editorial policy or philosophy is sound: His "basic purpose is to print good stories and relate them constructively to the current stream of creative writing." His main test of a good story is whether it is entertaining. Finally, the editor is of this age and finds its writing good and various; he has "a lively sense of things moving in the short story world."

These are excellent credentials for such an undertaking. There is no use fumbling among the actual utterances of our time for pleasant echoes of day before yesterday. Mr. Uzzell happily believes our affairs are not only moving but moving in the right direction. It is well that we have abandoned the inhibitions: even the big circulation magazines, he rejoices, are gradually giving up their "tricks of conventional orchestration," including the obligatory major chord at the end. "The stubborn, long corrupting influence of O. Henry has at last in the big books given way to the tonic in the pages of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway." Tonic or purgative? one asks a bit ruefully, wondering how long the treatment must go on. But something was there that was good for us, and something doubtless is offered in the experimental "little magazines" from which Mr. Uzzell picks four of his twenty tales.

They are good tales in their different fashions, but the virtue of the book lies in the editor's commentary on the collection as a whole, and in his analyses of the separate pieces. This second annual culling compares well with its predecessor, and the experiment may well go on.

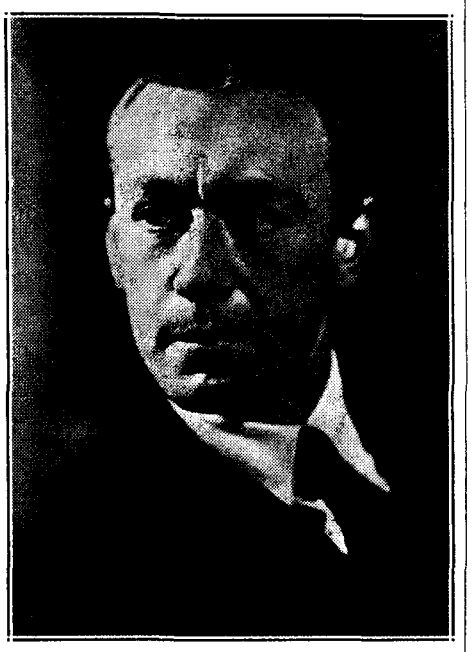
Jack Cade's Men on London Bridge

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING. By Philip Lindsay. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE character of London Bridge in the fifteenth century has probably never received so exhaustive a description, as to historical and antiquarian particulars, since the days when Sir Walter Scott used to pack his novels with precise detail. Mr. Lindsay says that he scarcely dares call his book a novel. He would rather have it taken as a sort of "Street Scene" of the mid-fifteenth century. Prefaced to it is a list of the characters, the greater part of whom live on London Bridge, by houses from the Southwark end.

The novel opens with the coming home of Andrew Picard who has run away in



PHILIP LINDSAY

his youth from his hated father's house, and has now returned to the bridge. Meanwhile his father has prospered greatly as a grocer. Andrew finds his old friend, Nicholas Jordan, and soon enough we are aware that they are both plotting something political. Reinstated in his father's house, at least as a lodger because of his gold pieces, Andrew becomes aware of Jane Piel, daughter of the draper in the fifth house on the left of the bridge. But Nicholas is engaged to her, and Arthur of Norfolk, one apprentice of the Jordans, is in love with her. There are descriptions of all the folk of the bridge, at night, on half-holidays, of a Sunday, and so on. We learn what a strange lodger was that of the household of Chigwell, the apothecary; of pale Petronilla married to the old Giles Chark, when she had once been Andrew's betrothed, before he ran away; of William Furby the scrivener; of the wicked Widow Stikeney, the girdler; and her pitiful apprentice Hilda who is in love with and secretly engaged to Dionysius of Kilburn, the other apprentice to Henry Jordan. We find Andrew Picard meeting Jack Cade at Ashford-on-the-Stow, and know that this Mortimer, John Amend-All, or Captain Kent is to set London aflame with Cade's Rebellion. And eventually we see Andrew swept up in the desperate fight between Jack Cade's men and the London merchants on London Bridge.

There is plenty more to the story. The intertwined threads of many lives are drawn through it. There are incidents of bitter cruelty, of shameful evidence of man's inhumanity to man, and episodes of beauty and wonder in the youth of the world. It was a dark, desperate age, shot with violent passions, drenched in blood and wild colors. Some of Mr. Lindsay's more meticulous descriptions are quite extraordinary in his assembling of detail. Take, for example, his description of the appareling of Jane Piel for her holiday on the river. This novelist's research has been indefatigable. Nothing is presented to us vaguely. Yet the larger values of the book are brought out with masterly dramatic sense, and the detail never—or very seldom—overloads the story. A variety of characters is presented to us with sharp differentiation, and the intermingling of their lives has constant fascination, while the views of London Bridge in perspective, as it were, and the sense of crowded life seething with its many complications give this novel a peculiar and distinct quality.

Mr. Lindsay has already written other novels and a chronicle of Richard III, and is preparing a biography of Henry V. He is a true antiquarian, far from Dr. Dry-as-dust, and possesses a vivid imagination. His is a fiction I was loath to lay down, concerned as it is with one of the most stirring risings of the people in English history.

Fatal but Not Serious

OUR MASTER'S VOICE, ADVERTISING. By James Rorty. New York: John Day Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

ACCORDING to Mr. Rorty, advertising is the raucous voice of our acquisitive economy, crying in the wilderness it has created. As a sometime advertising man and all-time skeptic about what is euphemistically called civilization, he is able to develop his thesis with a good deal of conviction. By his own definition,

> Advertising has to do with the shaping of the economic, social, moral, and ethical patterns of the community into serviceable conformity with the profit-making interests of advertisers and of the advertising business.

This is to say, of course, that advertising is an instrument of rule. But Mr. Rorty does not stop at implication; he is explicit and emphatic:

> Contemporary liberal criticism tends to regard [advertising, propaganda, and education] as separate categories, to be separately studied and evaluated. But in the realm of contemporary fact, no such separation exists. All three are *instruments of rule.* Our ruling class, representing the vested interests of business and finance, has primary access to and control over all these instruments. One supplements the other, and they are all used coördinately.

By the time he gets through, he has shown them to be not only supplementary and coördinate, but interchangeable and almost identical. Propaganda is advertising; advertising is propaganda; and education is in large degree the product and tool of both. The reader of Dr. Flexner on American universities might very well use Mr. Rorty's book as exegesis. It is also to be highly recommended to all those disgruntled intellectuals who refuse to admit that the progressive cheapness of our spiritual activity has any relation to our material existence.

Mr. Rorty is a savage and slashing critic of what he calls the pseudoculture which our ruling class inculcates upon the underlying population through its control of the means of communication. The highest ideal of this culture is embodied in the derisive phrase, "keeping up with the Joneses"; its sole object is the creation and exploitation of customers through misrepresentation, flattery, exhortation, pursuasion, and admonition. By its nature it is empty and degrading. And by its nature it is even more destructive of its own priesthood than of the victims they are hired to exploit.

> No man [says Mr. Rorty] can give his days to barbarous frivolity and live. And ad-men don't live. They become dull, resigned, hopeless. Or they become dæmonic fantasts and sadists. . . . Some "unlearn hope" and jump out of high windows. Others become extreme political and social radicals, either secretly while they are in the business, or openly, after they have left it.

The picture is not edifying, but thanks to the author's robust sense of humor it is at times very funny. Mr. Rorty goes after the high priests of advertising with a red-hot poker and impish laughter. He is without reverence and without fear. Moreover, he knows that advertising is on the spot along with the whole acquisitive economy whose mouthpiece it is, and as one of those ad-men who have become "extreme political and social radicals," he regards its dilemma in the spirit of the Viennese saying, as "fatal but not serious."

The book could be firmer in outline, one feels, and better written. Mr. Rorty in-

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dulges too much in the jargon of the social scientists to suit the taste of this reviewer; and also in too much of that modern habit of using substantives as adjectives, which produces such nerve-racking combinations of words as "consumer behavior," "sophistication element," "survival necessities." And this is perhaps as good a place as any to express the hope that publishers may soon feel rich enough to employ proofreaders once more.

So much by way of complaint. Mr. Rorty has written a readable and enlightening book which should be read by all victims of the advertising racket—that is to say, by all Americans.

Hitler—and After

(*Continued from first page*)

is the financial one. There has always been a mystery in the history of the Nazi Party. The unanswered question is this: how did Hitler raise the money for the two big election campaigns that preceded his accession to power? How, above all, did he raise the money for the second, when at the first he lost two million votes? For it is not easy for a man who is beaten in a political campaign to raise an enormous fund. Many of those who had supported him will too be busy greeting the rising sun to be very willing contributors. Ernst Henri sets out the only hypothesis that explains the facts.

> For the presidential election of 1932 alone Thyssen provided the Nazis with more than three million marks within a few days. In order to pay for big industry's contributions to Hitler the price of coal was raised in Germany.

This reading of past events is important now because in its light it seems reasonable to read certain things into what is happening now. For example, we may see the present situation as paralleling one in which an employer (Heavy Industry,) is dissatisfied with the work of a contractor (Hitler). The contractor, in promising him better service in the future, tells him that there has been trouble within the firm, but that now he will have a clean-up. He will dismiss this foreman and the other (Roehm, for example) and, in short, reorganize everything. In future service will be perfect. But such a parallel cannot be pushed too far. There is also the tale of Frankenstein to be borne in mind, together with that of Friars Bungay and Vandermaster. These celebrated enchanters—the student of medieval tales may remember—challenged each other to a counter-conjuring match, and at last in their rivalry called up spirits so strong as to be uncontrollable. Whereupon both enchanters perished miserably from the art by which they had lived.

One of the principal dragons in the present tale is of course the international situation, another the immense productivity of the Ruhr. Herr Thyssen, says the author of the present volume, has more coal than he knows what to do with, but on the other hand must (since the treaty of Versailles) import the ore iron which he needs for his steel.

Before the great enlargement which followed on the demands of the German army for munitions, the German boundaries of 1914 were more or less satisfactory. But the great Ruhr concerns of today have outgrown them, and tariff barriers and difficulties about foreign exchanges are becoming increasingly hampering. Here Hitler, and still more one of Hitler's assistants, Herr Alfred Rosenberg, can help. Why not revive the idea of the old German empire?

The present writer was taken aback to see almost the identical map, which is published as the end papers in "Hitler Over Europe" hung immense on a prominent wall, two months ago, in the big exhibition in Berlin. This new "Racial Empire" which, according to both Mr. Henri and the map prepared for the German public by the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda, is to include Holland, the Flemish part of Belgium, Norway and Sweden, the Baltic States, Hungary, German speaking Switzerland and, as all the world now knows, was above all to have taken in Austria. These countries were to have been brought into the fold, not by means of direct conflict of arms, but by the methods which, but for Italy, would have succeeded in Austria. Strong Nazi parties financed and directed from Berlin were to have been the moving forces. In any country where "The Brown International" was too weak or geographically too unpropitious actually to attempt union or federation, there its work under Rosenberg would have been to influence public opinion so as to prevent any interference.

All this about a "Brown International" certainly sounded to many people like moonshine when Ernst Henri first propounded it in England. But then came the Austrian affair, and almost in every particular—except in fact with regard to the roles played by a few named individuals—Ernst Henri was proved right. The "Pure Race," the "Germanic solidarity" theory began to work. Hitler's hatred of the Jews, his contempt for Slavs and people of Latin race, are of course perfectly genuine and respectable obsessions; as pretty examples of persecution-mania as you could wish to see on a summer's day. What is interesting is the harmony with which

FRITZ THYSSEN (*Keystone photo*)

they enable him to work with Thyssen, who, not mad in the least, knows just whose little peculiarities will help him.

Hatred of Jews and a low estimation of women have of course been convenient in other ways. They have helped to reduce the number of unemployed. The present writer interviewed one Fräulein Dr. Unger, an official in the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. Dr. Unger volunteered the information that the attitude of the Third Reich to women was a necessary and inevitable consequence of the continuance of such severe unemployment. The key to that part of the situation being that if a Jew or a woman is thrown out and a Nordic male gets the job, then that is yet another unit off the unemployment figures. For women and Jews rank among the "invisible unemployed," and need, conveniently, not be counted.

Add then these things,—the relations of the Nazis with Thyssen, their attitude towards a Germanic Empire and the unemployed, and the way in which fact and fiction in each field debate a blood-spattered boundary, see a Germany whose foreign trade is shrinking, and add to what Mr. Henri has to say what Dr. Göbbels is from time to time obliging enough to tell you over the radio, bring the whole sharply to boiling point, and the result will, as before suggested, set you up in a very nice way of business as a prophet. As these words are being written the advent of the *Saturday Review* office boy is eagerly awaited. He bears the up-to-date Foreword which Henri has cabled for addition to his book. It seems as if it might well consist of not more than four sweet words, "I told you so." . . . No, it is better than that. Once more: Henri knows what has been happening. Hitler was at Essen on the day before the murders began. To the question, "What next?" Henri answers:

> Either the death of Hitler and a socialist revolution or war—a new European conflagration.

Amabel Williams-Ellis, the daughter of Lt.-Col. Strachey, like her brother, John Strachey, is an active worker and writer in political fields. She is at present in America as the delegate of the British committee for relief of German victims.

American Parable

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Poem read before the Delta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Columbia University, June 4, 1934.

CITY of arrogant towers,
Metropolis fabulous, port of the world
Along whose clanging hours
Lives as leaves on a mill-race are whirled,
In your bright mediterranean light
Where news of nations, flashed overseas, is cried aloud
And caught in a glance
By an incessantly hastening crowd—
Streets all speed, buildings all height,
Speech a babel; the goddess of chance
Whirls—your emblem—aloft in a golden cloud.

But what of the land that lies behind your gate,
Where other thousand teeming cities wait,
Where a giant spider of steel has spun
Intricate webs that gleam in the sun,
Northward and southward by valley and mountain-crest
Spreading ever west?

Here on our crowded island
Forest is gone,
Long since our restless spirit journeyed on
By river and highland
With that strange unending dream of the pioneer
That now as the song of a phantom host I hear:

"We are west of ranges that seemed far and blue,
Of mighty waters that our first days knew,
Of rocky heights where a vague trail goes,
(Snorting oxen plunging under tall ox-bows!)
We are west of the Pass there seemed no way through,
West of the summits and the snows.

"Yes, and we are done with the desert and its parching,
That brassy glare forever overarching,
The rattler on the rock, the buffalo skull
Bleached in the sand, the giddy flicker
Of heat on acres of alkali,
Till the eye went dull, the throat cracked dry—
And no spring nigh, and madness in the liquor.

"We have crossed into verdure, into far-spread green;
But our brains are mazed with all our eyes have seen;
So wheels roll slowly through grass for mowing
But the gaze stares forward that is glued on going,
The arm crooks the rifle, the eye doubts the stranger,
The jaw muscles tighten, being tensed to danger,
The gaunt limbs stride in a slouching daze
From the dazzle of the peaks, the long heat-haze,
Leagues that wind behind, starred nights that craze. . . .
We have come far ways.

"And here is orchard-land—land of the farm;
A river holds a home in the bend of its arm,
A lazy river, long white roofs gleaming,
Smoke curling upward, gentle as dreaming,
Made-roads curving and pastures teeming—
Ripe land for toil, happy land for rest. . . .
Yet beyond, under cloud, lies a far blue crest
That is further west. . . .

"When we trod the sand, a mirage would follow,
Hover close at hand over hill and hollow,
Loom along the prairie, glimmer up the pass,
White and many-towered, with walls like glass,
With smoke like banners, speed on all its levels,
And a sound like the hammers of a thousand mighty devils—
Till our lifted eyes saw cities in the sun
Like the hanging gardens of Babylon;
Till the rolling prairie seemed ruled with steel,
And a slamming wind of flight shook the creaking wagon-wheel,
Till the sky was drumming, the earth was stirring
With enginery, furnaces, huge belts whirring. . . .
And we saw the desert greening where the dust hung dry,
And we shook to the meaning of shadows on the sky,
Wings—droning, dwindling, fading in the day,
(Every eye was kindling that gazed that way!)
For no palms in cluster, no phantom waters blue
Were like to the lustre of the portents we knew. . . .
Have you seen them, too?

"Now we mark around us all the dim foundation,
In this happy valley, of a building nation.
The plough is in the furrow, the axe is in the tree,
First courses are laid for walls that are to be—
For that splendor, that speed, that plenitude, that power—
And the growing of its greed, and its darkest hour
When famine, a spectre, hovers seas of grain,
When steel and iron gods deal death and pain,
When rifleman, axe-man, ploughman, lie
Entombed under towers we saw massing in the sky—
Roaring cities in an empty sky!

"Too real was that seeing—though the eyesight cheats—
Engines, dungeons, blank stone streets,
The roar of forges, the growling hum
Of a land in labor with the time to come!"

It fades, the song with the vision, for the land is won,
And that which a dream foresaw has come to pass.
Generations like small bright clouds across the sun

(*Continued on next page*)

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Have moved, or like ripples that run
Through prairie grass.
City of arrogant towers,
Is the dream then done?
In the new confusion and fear
That have assailed us here
For darkened year on year,
Is the thread spun,
The clue lost, that was ours?

No; for we keep the will that made the road
Across a continent,
And in ourselves
We feel the blood of those whose strong axe-helves
And oxen-goad
Cleared a great wilderness what way they went.
The epoch changes,
And now there are the spiritual ranges
Still to be trod and broken to the plough.
Young captains, rally now!
We knew the old; and some were valiant men
And some were base, but these come not again.
The day is here
For the new spirit of the pioneer.

And for the new advance
No longer, blind within her cloud,
Trust to the goddess Chance,
Nor to our individual arrogance
Wherefrom the councils of the dead
And multitudes unfed
Among the living, in this Canaan-land
Of plenty, now warn us with emaciate hand
And shamed head bowed,
That are our ghosts by noonday. For we must
Set our house in order, from the very least
And lowest room, according to some plan
Fit for the soul of Man,
Meeting the needs of all,
Lest in the world's vanguard we fail our trust
And fearful writing on the wall
Flame, as of old in Babylon it ran
Above Belshazzar when he sat at feast.

Out of the past a phantom last refrain
Floats from the darkening western plain:

"Heave at the wheel, crack the long lash stinging,
On toward the heights with our wagon-train;
Toil through the trees, for the dusk is bringing
The marching stars again.
Forward still, where our wild star burning
Glitters from the peaks to lead us on!
Goad the oxen,
Keep the wheels a-turning
Through the night
To the dawn!"

President Butler's Political Addresses

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.

IN these thirty-three addresses, articles, and letters, running to more than four hundred pages, are contained President Butler's public pronouncements upon political or economic matters during the past two years. Many of them deal with the international situation, concerning which Dr. Butler preaches the gospel of coöperation as the only salvation.

The collection is characteristic in the wide knowledge and virile thinking it exhibits. Dr. Butler makes the statement that, although originally strongly in favor of our joining the League of Nations, he has "come to see that if we had joined it we should have ruined it before this; not intentionally," but because if we had brought a conclusion home to be debated in the Senate for a year, "we should have vastly disturbed the whole world and every nation in it." Holding that the real contest today is not between something called capitalism and something called socialism or communism but between liberty and some form of compulsion, he stands up sturdily for liberty, although sounding the warning that its abuse will endanger its existence.

The Bowling Green

Second Class Mail

AMONG his "rules for Saving Energy After Forty" Professor Walter Pitkin was quoted as saying, "Never open second class mail. This saves several hundred calories a year." Like all positive dogmata, this requires qualification. I have learned, by long and patient experience, how to go through the secondary mail so as to sift the sheep from the shoats. When we spend the winter in town, as we have for three years past, the second class matter—which a sagacious government is too thrifty to forward—accumulates in a Long Island post-office. It it a nuisance to the good-natured postmistress, I fear; but lying there for eight or nine months it mellows and matures. I filled up the Chevrolet with it the other day and spent a delicious afternoon at winnow.

To any student of book and art catalogues, for instance, Professor Pitkin's advice is the full blossom of absurdity. One has learned by trial and error which are the dealers from whom one may expect congenial news. I will run through a few (only a few) of the things that caught my eye—all of which I would have missed if I were parsimonious of calories.

I'm careful, for instance, not to throw away copies of the excellent little pamphlet *The Month*, edited by Norman L. Dodge for Goodspeed's Book Shop in Boston. Among its recent issues I find a description of a dinner given by Dickens at the Parker House in Boston to celebrate a walking-race between his manager (Dolby) and his publisher (Osgood). After the dinner, says *The Month*, Dickens and the two competitors went upstairs to Dickens's rooms. "A bath had been drawn and Dickens entertained the rivals by walking around the rim of the tub. Essaying some complicated evolution, he lost his balance and plunged in, boutonnières, gold chains, brilliantined earlocks and all." —Another Dickens item from Goodspeed is an autograph paragraph describing the death of Little Nell; "on paper bordered with perforations simulating lace." It was written at New Haven in February 1842 —before breakfast, says a witness's testimony; in a hurry, undoubtedly, as the much hounded lecturer left at 9 A. M. for New York. One word was misspelled; perhaps, suggests the cheerful Mr. Dodge, because it was written on an empty stomach. I have a vivid mental picture of the author cursing this meddlesome inopportune interruption, desiring him to copy out the lush deathbed scene (and on lace paper brought for the purpose), when all he wanted was his ham and eggs. Here we have the autograph passion and Victorian taste at their very worst.—Other oddities from *The Month:* a Lilliputian bookplate ⅛ by ⅛ of an inch in size, but perfectly engraved (by Edward L. Doty). Mr. Dodge's description of George Moore's first book, *Flowers of Passion*, poems published in 1878: "Malarial and Beaudelairean and not very good."—Also a lock of Fanny Brawne's hair, given by Amy Lowell to Fred Holland Day, now offered for $50.

I should have missed, on Pitkin's principles, eight or nine interesting issues of Charles Heartman's monthly, *The American Book Collector* (Metuchen, N. J.), which is always vigorously outspoken, temperamental, and rich in the most engaging misprints. From it I learn that *Leaves of Grass* was first placed on sale on July 4 (1855). Ralph Admari in an article on the subject maintains that this was deliberate on Walt Whitman's part; that it was "a second Declaration of Independence." We can assume, I suppose, that Swayne's newspaper and Book Store, 210 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was open on the holiday.—The current issue of Mr. Heartman's magazine greatly pleases me by printing an advance précis of E. A. Osborne's bibliography of W. W. Jacobs, the old wizard (both of humor and the macabre) whose fine stories are too little known to younger readers in this country. Mr. Osborne, writing from England, pays tribute to the various American publishers of Mr. Jacobs for assistance. Their records, he says, "seem to be more detailed and less liable to moth and rust and rats than those of English publishers." Jacobs's first stories were printed in a magazine published by the employees of the General Post Office in London.

There are many other granules of curiosity in Mr. Heartman's magazine: for instance a heartily unfavorable description, written in 1858, of Herman Melville's lecture in Yonkers. But I think I choose as my favorite the reply of William Byrd (of Westover, Virginia) to his librarian who complained that the candles furnished him for his evening reading were not large enough. "If they will burn an hour and a

half," wrote Byrd, "that is full long enough to read by candle light, which is not good for the eyes, and after that, meditation and devotion might fill up the rest of an evening."

No summer would be complete without reading the annual announcement of the Vacation Courses at the University of Lausanne. The pictures of étudiants (and étudiantes) climbing the Dents du Midi make our own Columbia Summer School look rather tame. The modern writers to be discussed this summer include Balzac, Flaubert, Mérimée, Fromentin, André Gide, Henri de Montherlant, Stendhal, Anatole France, Marcel Proust, Georges Duhamel, Paul Morand.—Fromentin is one I rarely hear of and have never read; if I had followed Pitkin I'd have forgotten his existence. Then I always enjoy the description of the *promenades*. "On Wednesday afternoons," says the circular, "the director and professors conduct the students in the environs of the town. Each excursion has a definite goal: an old church, a castle of the Middle Age, a picturesque village, a mountain view. One leaves the town by tramway, steamer, or railroad. A snack in a village inn breaks the excursion with a moment of rest. . . . For mountain expeditions it is indispensable to provide oneself with heavy metalled boots." And I see them, a polyglot band of excursionists, filing aboard the steamer for the Castle of Chillon, perhaps under the leadership of the American representative whose name appears in the pamphlet, M. Pierre Jaccard, "professeur au Collège de Wooster, Wooster, Ohio." I meditate the contrast between a winter in Wooster and a summer on Lake Leman. Not less enjoyable (to a genuine lover of Second Class Mail) are the names of the pensions recommended to the students. They are so exactly what they ought to be:—"l' Acacia," "Petit-Chêne," "La Véranda," "L'Helvétie," "Bois Fleuri," "Mon Repos." And then, culminating colophon of pleasures, at the very end of the circular I find that our old friend and Swiss correspondent of the SATURDAY REVIEW, M. Rapin, is one of the directors of the Summer School. This very next Saturday—July 14—the students are going to make the first climb of the season: Les Rochers de Naye, 2045 meters. Good going to them; and if they want to read some good stuff about Lausanne, and climbing, try chapter 3 of C. E. Montague's *The Right Place*.

But we must move faster or we'll never reach the bottom of our selected pile. The spirited Dr. Jacob Schwartz's little essay on how an American gets to know a European bookseller is too long for quotation; you (or Professor Pitkin) could have it by writing for the catalogue of the Ulysses Bookshop—at the American branch thereof, 21 West 51, New York. Among Dr. Schwartz's many interesting notes I find it said that when Herman Melville's *Marquesas* was published (1846) the *Athenæum* in London gave it a review 17 columns long. Schwartz says "I believe this is a record amount of space ever given to an American writer." $20 seems a very moderate price for a mint copy of the first edition. I am pleased also to see listed Sir Kenelm Digby's *Of Bodies and Mans Soul* (1669), a book that oldtimers on the Green may have heard of before.

I must freely admit to Professor Pitkin that once one starts ploitering in the Second Class it takes more time than one intended. Here's Walter Hill, of 25 East Washington Street, Chicago, has dug up for us an amusing cartoon contributed by R. L. Stevenson to a book about Edinburgh University. *Speculum Universitatis: Alma Mater's Mirror*, is the title, published 1887; Stevenson draws a picture of himself as a donkey being fed carrots by a professor; and manages a remarkable self-likeness in the asinine face. Mr. Hill is also aware of the joys of W. W. Jacobs: I see four his firsts, priced at $4 and $5, in this catalogue.—Alfred Paine at the Salt Wat Bookshop (336 Lexington Avenue), in h shelf of "Piracy, Mutiny, Privateering and Murder at Sea," shows William Bligh's *Narrative of the Mutiny on Board H. M. S. Bounty*, quarto, original boards, London, 1790. When James Norman Hall was in town the other day from Tahiti, I urged him to go round to Paine's and wallow on the South Sea shelves. I've never been there myself, but when I do the books I'll want to look at first are Findlay's *Pacific Directory* and Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea*. Jim Hall was saying what a queer thrill it gave him, on Pitcairn Island, to lay hand on the actual vise from the *Bounty's* carpenter shop. The notion occurred to me that his publishers might well make a little paperweight model of the *Bounty* to distribute through bookstores.—Here (now nine months late, but new to me) is a gay little catalogue of Lafcadio Hearn first editions, printed on Japanese-looking paper by the Penguin Bookshop of Beverly Hills, California, and including a terse autobiographical note by Hearn printed in English for the first time. —Or do you prefer Edwin Embree's memoir of the late Julius Rosenwald, included in a review of the Rosenwald Fund 1931-33. Here is Mr. Rosenwald during the financial crash of October 1929:—

> In the course of one attempt to get an order through to a broker, the report came back that the telephone exchange for the whole LaSalle Street section had suddenly gone out of order; he burst into a gale of laughter at the absurdity of such an accident on such a day. He made not less than a hundred separate decisions in this one day, many of them of momentous implications. He saved hundreds of persons from immediate bankruptcy. He saw his own fortune in the collapse which culminated this day, reduced by a hundred million dollars. He saw his business and his personal affairs plunging inevitably into the most troubled waters. It was one of the happiest days of his life.

I like that. And in chewing round among the tailings of the mail, perhaps one's findings are 95% luck. I'm willing to waste quite a lot of calories if necessary.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Spirit of a Great Age

PETER STERRY, PLATONIST AND PURITAN. By Vivian de Sola Pinto. New York: Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ELMER MORE

IN the two large volumes of Principal Tulloch's "Rational Theology in the Seventeenth Century," still the most considerable work on the subject, there is no mention of Peter Sterry. To pass over minor essays, this deficiency was partly made good by F. J. Powicke's brief chapter on the man in his rather slight, but otherwise excellent, study of "The Cambridge Platonists"; and now Professor Pinto, of University College, Southampton, has devoted a volume of nearly 250 pages to this almost forgotten latitudinarian and prose-poet. About half of the solid text of the present publication is given up to an account of The Man, The Writings, and The Doctrine, while the other half contains the full Preface to "A Discourse of the Freedom of the Will" and a series of excerpts, mostly quite short, from Sterry's other published and unpublished writings. This is followed by Notes, Appendices, and a Bibliography.

It may be said at the outset of this review, and without reservation, that Mr. Pinto has made a notable contribution to literature in this full-length presentation of a man hitherto so inadequately known. In one sense a critic is fairly helpless and must take the results before him on credit, for the very good reason that for the historical part of the work he has available little material to check Mr. Pinto's statements, and for the second part cannot say how wisely the selections have been made because he has no access to Sterry's exceedingly rare published treatises, not to mention the manuscripts. My impression is that Mr. Pinto has accomplished his task well and judiciously. In the critical estimate of Sterry, however, my judgment does not fully coincide with the author's. Sterry seems to me a figure highly significant, but significant because he shows rather the developed weakness implicit in the group of thinkers with whom he is associated than their strength. And my guess is, though here I may be mistaken, that the nature of this weakness would appear more strikingly if we had the complete works of Sterry before us instead of these purple patches. Nor even in these extracts, except rarely, does he seem to me to bear comparison with Traherne and More and the others with whom Mr. Pinto would place him almost, if not quite, on an equality. Nevertheless we must be grateful for this better acquaintance with one of the finer spirits of a great age, and for the opportunity of coming to a clearer understanding through him of the strength and weakness of a movement the full importance of which is not yet appreciated, despite the labors of Dean Inge and other admirers.

Sterry is so little known that it may be serviceable to recount the outstanding facts of his life. He was baptized at St. Olave's, Southwark, in 1613, and presumably was born in the same year. At the age of sixteen he was entered at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, whither Benjamin Whichcote and John Smith, the two inaugurators of the so-called Cambridge Platonism, had settled three years before. He followed them in their philosophy, but, unlike them, was an avowed Puritan and Independent, whereas they, and the other Platonists, never broke with the Church of England. In the eighth year of his residence he was elected to a fellowship, but, owing to the Laudian persecutions, if they may be so described, he very soon left the university and attached himself as chaplain to Lord Brooke, the cousin and adopted son and heir of Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Lord Brooke was a contemporary of Sterry's at Cambridge, where, in the words of Anthony à Wood, he "became learned, considering his quality." In 1643 Sterry was chosen by the House of Lords as one of the fourteen divines appointed to reorganize the Church on a Puritan basis. Later he became one of the personal chaplains of Cromwell during the Protectorate, being associated with such preachers as John Owen and Hugh Peters and with Milton, then Latin Secretary to the Council. According to Mr. Pinto he "was no regicide and probably no republican." At any rate the preface to the treatise on "The Freedom of the Will" shows that he was a passionate lover and defender of tolerance. The Restoration left him unmolested, and he became chaplain to Philip Sidney, Viscount Lisle. At Sheen Priory, this nobleman's estate, he studied and meditated and wrote in that sort of peaceful and protected, yet not ignoble, *otium* which was so beautiful a feature of the age. Something of the same kind can be seen in the association of Traherne and Locke and Henry More with the great of the land. He was happily married, though one of his sons caused him endless vexation. He died in 1672.

For the philosophy which haunted the minds of these Cambridge men and of others of their kind, it is too often forgotten that its source was rather Neoplatonic than genuinely Platonic, and that between these two ways of looking at the world a great gulf is set. For Plato's allegory of creation in the "Timæus," which lent itself easily to merging with the orthodox Christian tradition, these so-called Platonists were caught by the vast, misty, emanational dreams of Plotinus. God the Creator was raised into the empyrean of abstraction and there transformed into a metaphysical conception of the Absolute One and the Absolute Good. From It is thrown out the *Nous*, or mystical Reason, in which the One is self-divided into a thinker and his Ideas. From this first emanation proceeds the second, which is the Anima Mundi, the universal Soul, whose Ideas are no longer subjective motions within Itself but are externalized in time and space as the objective world. Out of this universal Soul, rapt in placid contemplation of cosmic phenomena, spring the individual souls, us men indeed, snared in things as in a mesh of sorrow, distracted by passions of desire for what is outside of them, yet all the while yearning to return backwards and upwards through the intervening layers of emanation to the passionless, motionless bosom of the Absolute from whence they ultimately came.

All this is pretty, is sublime if you choose to deem it so, but it breaks upon that ancient rock where all such theorizing ends, the problem of evil. By virtue of that Necessity, which is inherent in the nature of the transcendent One and is the cause of these cosmic emanations, all things should be as they are, all necessary, all good. Yet Plotinus was bitterly aware of the fact that things as they are are not good. Hence we see him approaching the problem of evil with a double solution—neither of which solves. On the one hand he thinks of evil as nothing positive but only an ever greater and greater distance from the central Good as successive emanations widen out like expanding spheres, as a sort of thinning process in the substance of Being, until at last it abuts upon the all-surrounding impenetrable vacuum of Not-Being. On the other hand Plotinus will try, so to speak, to eat his cake and have it, by adopting the Stoic paradox. Evil shall be in a manner real evil and at the same time in another manner not evil. The whole is good just because it is a perfect whole. But a perfect whole must embrace an infinite number of imperfect parts. As individually imperfect these parts will be in themselves evil, while as factors contributing to the perfect whole they are good.

In this Neoplatonic junction of unbridled reason, which will reduce the world back to absolute indifferent Oneness, with the moral sense, which is painfully aware of difference and change and suffering, there lies an ultimate confusion of thought that no good will can reconcile, as there does in all mysticism or metaphysical monism. The point I would make is that the Cambridge Platonists, by vaguely complying with these Neoplatonic theories while adapting them, more or less consciously, to Christian theism, simply made confusion more confounded. It is hard enough to fit these cosmic emanations into the brute facts of existence, but when they are personified so as to accord with a trinitarian theology, when the Absolute One becomes the Father and the *Nous* appears as the Son and the Anima Mundi turns into the Holy Ghost, then the brain simply staggers under the load of impossibilities laid upon it.

On the better side it may be said that these airy subtleties of the brain were oftener latent than openly avowed in the divagations of men like Whichcote and Smith and More, and were for the most part a sort of invisible aura hovering about their more practical, if romantic, views of the conduct of life. Their religion did in practice often take on the colors of a genuine and radiant spirituality. There is in its field nothing finer than the religious humanism expounded in Henry More's "Mystery of Godliness," and his life by his friend and disciple Richard Ward is one of the very precious things in English literature.

Of Sterry it must be said that, however romantically exquisite he may be in separate passages, as a whole his works display the confusion and the weakness of this Christian "Platonism" in their most acute form. Much could be said, a whole essay might be written, to explain the cause of this. I must leave it with a word. The greater of these "Platonists," from Whichcote to More, never broke with the Church, never dissented finally against the restricting hand of tradition, and their adherence to the larger treasured law of experience, though it may have grown loose at times, did nevertheless save them from the utter licenses of the imagination and from the disintegrations of unchecked individualism. The naked skeleton of their pagan metaphysics did not thrust itself so openly into view through the covering flesh of Christian tradition, nor did it clash so harshly with their inherited theology. It was here that Sterry, as dissenting Puritan and Independent, differed from them; and it is for this reason that, though he may be classed with the Cambridge Platonists, in a stricter sense he was not of them.

On the tenth of June, 1934, the newly found remains of the poet, Pierre de Ronsard, were buried for the second and presumably the last time in the church of the Priory of Saint-Cosme-les-Tours, four kilometres from the city of Tours. The search for Ronsard's grave began in 1869, but was unsuccessful. It was known that he had been buried at Saint-Cosme in accordance with his own wishes, but all traces of the grave had been lost in the successive building and remodelling of four centuries. Finally the French society, the *Sauve-garde de l'Art français*, bought the Saint-Cosme Priory and resumed the search for the grave. Nothing positive was discovered until May, 1933, when the workmen digging in the choir of the church came across a skeleton, more or less demolished by the weight of an adjacent wall, which after the most minute investigation and expert examination, was proved to be that of the poet. The tomb can now be visited, and there will be a Ronsard museum in the Priory.

EASILY the best book of its kind I ever saw, and full of examples of various kinds of poetry with illuminating comment on the matter of it and the manner of it.
Franklin P. Adams, N. Y. Herald Tribune.

VERY new in method . . . invaluable to the student of poetry. For the general reader . . . it will open up new worlds of delight.
N. Y. Times.

A BOOK that has to be read and experienced as a series of aesthetic experiences before it can be appreciated and described.
Boston Transcript.

POETRY
ITS APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT
by Louis Untermeyer and H. C. Davidson
Critical chapters on poetry, a dictionary of verse, and an anthology of 500 poems illustrating the text.
530 pages, $3.50
HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., New York

Multiple Taxation

METHODS OF ALLOCATING TAXABLE INCOME. By Mitchell B. Carroll. Publications Department of the League of Nations, Geneva—U. S. Agent, World Peace Foundation, Boston, Mass. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by JAMES R. KNAPP

THE intelligent observer of current events is now well aware of the importance of a flourishing international trade, and welcomes any sound measure for its improvement. He is sometimes bewildered by the conflicting economic views presented on this subject, often based upon mere opinion, and influenced by prejudice, political considerations, or scholastic dreaming. It is refreshing to find in this work a scientific study of actual facts, and also a practicable method of removing one of the great obstacles to the free flow of international business.

The problem with which this volume deals can be stated almost in the words of a newspaper puzzle. If an American company produces $100,000 of ore in a country in South America, brings it to the United States, spends $200,000 in labor and additional material on it to manufacture it into commercial articles, ships and sells them in a country in Europe at an additional cost of $50,000, and sells them for $400,000, it has made a gross profit of $50,000. Each of the countries in which it operates now has an income tax law. The puzzle is to find how much of this income is properly taxable by each of these countries. The title of the various answers to this puzzle and of Mr. Carroll's volume is "Methods of Allocating Taxable Income."

The actual answer to this puzzle now is that each country decides for itself how much of the income it will tax, and the hapless business enterprise is taxed by all of the countries in the aggregate, upon more than the proper proportions, and can protect itself against double taxes on the same income only by staying at home.

The answer presented by this book is an analysis of the laws of thirty-five nations, presenting the various rules and principles adopted by them, with a comparison of the relative merits of those views. It offers a set of principles embodying the sounder and more generally accepted views. The object of the study is to arrive at a basis for an international treaty, which, if adopted by the various nations, will assign to each nation its proper share of income for taxation by it, and permit business enterprises to carry on their business with the expectation of fair tax treatment.

A surprising feature of this study is that these nations are thinking so much along the same lines, and that men of different races, at different times, in different parts of the world, have hit upon the same theories or practical methods for answering such questions. All of these ideas have been analyzed by the author and classified into three principles: 1. That the foreign branch establishment shall keep its books and be judged and pay the same taxes as would an independent enterprise of the same character. 2. That a more or less arbitrary income shall be assigned to it on the basis of a percentage of its gross business. 3. That there shall be a mathematical (perhaps pseudo-scientific) apportionment of the income, calculated on the basis of property owned, sales made, or other facts about the business. Strange as it may seem, the United States appears as by no means the clearest and most advanced thinker on this subject. The solution offered by the volume is that the first of these principles shall be adopted as the cardinal method, and the other two used in the order named only when the taxpayer has made the first method impracticable.

The volume is successful and interesting. It offers a solution of the problem sufficiently definite to form a practical working basis, and at the same time sufficiently broad to commend itself to intelligent acceptance by the great majority of the thirty-five nations studied. The accompanying volumes also contain separate statements of the income tax laws of many countries. It is the only publication in the English language adequately covering this field. It is of primary interest to economists and lawyers, and to business men engaged in foreign trade, and is a scientific accomplishment in the field of legal political economy, promising a practical result of considerable importance to all foreign trade. One real scientific step, no matter how short, is worth more than a long journey in the field of non-factual opinion.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS. By Phyllis Bentley. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

Miss Bentley's publishers explain that this book was written and published before both "Inheritance" and "A Modern Tragedy." It "is reissued now because of the interest aroused by those two recent novels."

Whether the reason given is sufficient to warrant the republication of a rather commonplace piece of work is, of course, a matter of opinion. To the present reviewer the principal interest of this republished story is to exhibit the enormous artistic progress that Miss Bentley has made. We have no idea when "The Spinner of the Years" was written, and the usual copyright date seems to have been omitted from the volume, but we should judge it to have been a first novel. Considered as such, it has certain merit and offers decided promise, though we must confess that had we read this story before Miss Bentley's later work we should never have ventured to prophesy the ample fulfilment that her artistic maturity has actually brought.

As in her later novels, the scene of "The Spinner of the Years" is laid in Yorkshire, in the manufacturing town of Hudley. The widowed Mrs. Armitage is one of the leading social lights of the town, poor but splendid, and ambitious that her young daughter Imogen, gentle, docile, beautiful, shall make a good "match." Innocent Imogen very nearly wrecks her chances, and her haughty mother's ambitions, by having an affair (very serious, but perfectly harmless) with wild young Johnny Talland, who has already got himself badly mixed up with a girl in the South. When things become too complicated and Brearley Thornton, rich young mill owner, refuses to lend him any more money, poor Johnny incontinently commits suicide. Imogen pines, but Mrs. Armitage manages to keep her name out of the scandal, and that is really all that matters. In the end Imogen marries young Brearley, to her mother's intense satisfaction; but the result of a loveless marriage, an ailing child, and too much mother-in-law is to turn the sweet-natured girl into a hard and bitter woman.

It all sounds a bit Victorian, but then provincial Yorkshire is still rather Victorian. There are, as one would expect, flashes of the later Miss Bentley in this immature story—some good bits of characterization, especially in the case of Brearley, one of those typical Yorkshire characters whom the author knows all about — but the principal interest of the book is as a milestone on Miss Bentley's artistic journey.

S. W.

SOMEBODY MUST. By Alice Grant Rosman. Minton, Balch. 1934. $2.

Miss Rosman exercises her talent this time in a purely decorative art, demonstrating how respectable a brick can be made out of practically no straw. James Flete had got out of the habit of paying any attention to his family; consequently his spoiled and vivacious wife went off to Scotland, and his daughter Kay, just down from Oxford, took charge of the household because somebody must and nobody else would. The Oxford girl seems to have replaced the Oxford man as a staple of English fiction, but there can't be many Oxford girls like Kay Flete—a twentieth-century Pippa at whose passing misunderstandings straighten themselves out, and the crustiest curmudgeons become fresh with the milk of human kindness. About the only thing that gave Kay much trouble was her own love affair, and the only reason it took her so long to get that settled was that Miss Rosman somehow had to push her book out to 300 pages. Distinctly of the what-of-it class, but much better reading than you would suppose from a summary of the contents.

E. D.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION: and Other Stories. By H. E. Bates. Macmillan. 1934. $2.

Mr. Bates dedicates his collection of short stories to Mr. David Garnett, and Mr. Garnett writes a blurb for Mr. Bates. Greater men, nearer home, have done as much; and Mr. Bates has merit, though perhaps not so much as is discerned by Mr. Garnett's friendly eye. His sensitiveness to scenery, atmosphere, the minutiæ of character, is indeed unusual; and if his stories never have a plot, and sometimes not even a point, that only qualifies him, to modern taste, as an art author. There is a delicate charm, flawlessly sustained, in "A German Idyll"; and an acrid presentment of the helplessness of the poor in "Sally Go Round the Moon." Best of the lot, however, are the three sketches dealing with Great-Uncle Silas, a fine salty character who, if not drawn from life, is excellently invented.

E. D.

THE "UNSINKABLE" MRS. JAY. By Lewis Graham and Edwin Olmstead. Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.50.

The story of Molly Jay, heroine of this book, from "pot rassler" to society leader and successful actress, is written as fiction. It follows the history of the past fifty years and the authors tell us that they are trying to show the psychological changes of that period when the West was learning how to use the gold it had discovered. The style is factual; close, strong, nervous. Beneath it is dry, secret poetry. Similarly behind the story, based on a real character and newspaper accounts of the time, there are whispers of half-childish heroism. We are reminded of the earth-lusty humor of Norse mythology in some of Mrs. Jay's quite possible adventures; her angry conquest of the Waldorf-Astoria, for example, or rowing a life-boat after the Titanic disaster, which won her the epithet "unsinkable." Her personal relations are told with abrupt pathos that makes the book pleasant and not too severe reading.

E. C.

Religion

A SHORT HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By E. E. Kellett. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $3.

This brief yet encyclopædic account of the great religious faiths is a notable example of a book on religions which is erudite and yet entertainingly readable. At least as much information as can be packed into the short space of six hundred pages is imparted to the reader with the added trick of entering into the experience of the various religious beliefs in such a way as to carry the reader along.

After a brief prefatory essay on "Religion: Its Nature and Origin," which does not pretend to be exhaustive and which leans heavily in ideology on Frazer, Durkheim, and Lévy-Bruhl, the author proceeds to describe in order, Judaism, the Greek and Roman religions, the Germanic faiths, early Christianity. Dr. Kellett, who is perhaps best known for his history of the Hebrews, looks at religion as "an affair of growth, that cannot be understood unless it is followed through all its stages." He places some emphasis on the development of Christianity down to the present day, and includes an interesting chapter on the many curious sects which have sprung from the parent belief. Yet he is perhaps at his best when he runs the gamut of the seven great religions of the East.

Of necessity a work of such brevity cannot be regarded as all-inclusive, and though the emphases in the main are commendable, one cannot quite account for the noticeable lack of any mention of the mystics like St. Catherine, Suzo, Ruysbroeck, Tauler, etc., whose influence Dr. Kellett seems to neglect. Nor is his understanding of Hinduism as regards the position of women free from criticism, where one feels he gives his case away by revealing the divorce of faith from practice.

It would seem that the study of comparative religions (as distinct from religion) would result inevitably in some kind of syncretism, and this book is no exception. The book can be recommended to all who seek a brief, well-balanced view of the great religions of history. A very complete explanatory index is included.

E. D.

Travel

THIS BEWILDERED WORLD. By Frazier Hunt. Stokes. 1934. $2.75.

Mr. Hunt writes at times like a man who has stowed a quart of champagne beneath his belt before sitting down to work and then decided that it was better after all to dictate. The perfect Radio Voice! He covers Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy, Hitler's Germany, Japan, China, the Philippines, India, England, France, Siam, Turkey, and the Rooseveltian United States, tossing off political and social generalizations soaked in popular-magazine picturesqueness with the bravura of one drunk with his own magnificent distances. For Mr. Hunt has actually been in all the places he describes and discusses; he has actually met and talked with most of the front-page dignitaries of the past decade or two, from Lenin up and down. And where, asked the Boy Emperor, Henry Pu-Yi, will you go from here? when Mr. Hunt finished interviewing him in Hsinking. "I told him that this same night I was leaving for China and then the Philippines, Siam, India, Bagdad—all the beckoning world." A "far-away look" came into poor Mr. Pu-Yi's eyes, as we may well believe!

The political generalization on which Mr. Hunt's picturesque broadcasting is based is that the Democratic-Nationalistic-Capitalistic scheme of things is busted and that a New Era, Ideas-on-Wings, as he is fond of putting it, is sweeping over the earth. These Ideas-on-Wings drift down through the Khyber Pass to the rumbling millions of India, they sweep across the dustblown plains of Manchuria, they boil up in the blaring Ginza in Tokio—as Mr. Hunt would put it. The burden of these Ideas-on-Wings is, naturally, a squarer deal for the forgotten man, and down with the exploded Democracy-Nationalism-Capitalism myth.

There is vivid reporting and skilful condensation of outstanding facts throughout the book. Each chapter, taken by itself, is first-class popular-magazine stuff. Mr. Hunt's humanitarian feelings, his globe-trotter's excitement at seeing similar emotions stirring in every continent, are undoubtedly sincere. One may, at the same time, be slightly skeptical at the soundness and propriety of attempting to merge, in a single easily-read book, the complex political and social problems as well as the local color of "all the beckoning world."

Brief Mention

For those who wish an informal but readable and comprehensive survey of the history of architecture in England we recommend *The Story of England's Architecture,* by Thomas E. Tallmadge (Norton, $4). * * * Another useful historical survey recently published is John W. Caughey's *History of the Pacific Coast,* published by the author at 405 Hilgard, Los Angeles, ($4.50). There is some very in-

(*Continued on next page*)

This is one of the most THRILLING novels we have ever published .... critics hail it a GREAT NOVEL!

A BOOK that every intelligent modern must, and will, read."—*Waldo Frank.* "It throws new light on what makes men go down to death for their convictions."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.* "Malraux belongs . . . to the company of Conrad and Hardy, men who realize that life in any society is hemmed about by death."—*N. Y. Times.* "Its essential problem is one which only the greatest writers dare to tackle directly! . . . Run (do not walk) to the nearest bookstore and buy yourself a copy of 'Man's Fate'."—*The New Yorker.*

MAN'S FATE

1933 GONCOURT PRIZE NOVEL by ANDRE MALRAUX
2nd printing, $2.50, Harrison Smith and Robert Haas

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SECRET OF TANGLES *L. R. Gribble* (J. B. Lippincott: $2.)	Three murders and one attempt, a vicious financial tangle and protean villain keep Slade of Scotland Yard on hop.	Not too good an example of the mass murder yarn, although excitement holds up to grisly end.	Meejum
THE STRANGLED WITNESS *Leslie Ford* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Strictly up to date Washington intrigue with Senator shot, lovely *intrigante* strangled, and Col. Primrose solving sticky puzzle.	Conclusion less convincing than earlier Ford *opera,* but otherwise story has everything that it takes.	Good enough
RANSOM *Charles Francis Coe* (Lippincott: $2.)	Kidnapper, jailed 20 years for swindling, finds underworld sadly changed on release, and full of nasty stab-in-backers.	Slops over occasionally with noble-criminal sentiment but pretty generally a stirring yarn of "snatch" racket.	Readable

ONE VOICE IN A CHORUS OF HIGH PRAISE

". . . an interesting slice of American life lifted bodily out of the mud and muck of a Cape Cod cranberry bog and held up, quivering with reality, on the sympathetic pen point of one of the bog's own observant daughters."—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

SUN ON THEIR SHOULDERS

By ELIZABETH EASTMAN $2.50 and published by Morrow

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Double-Crostics: Number 16

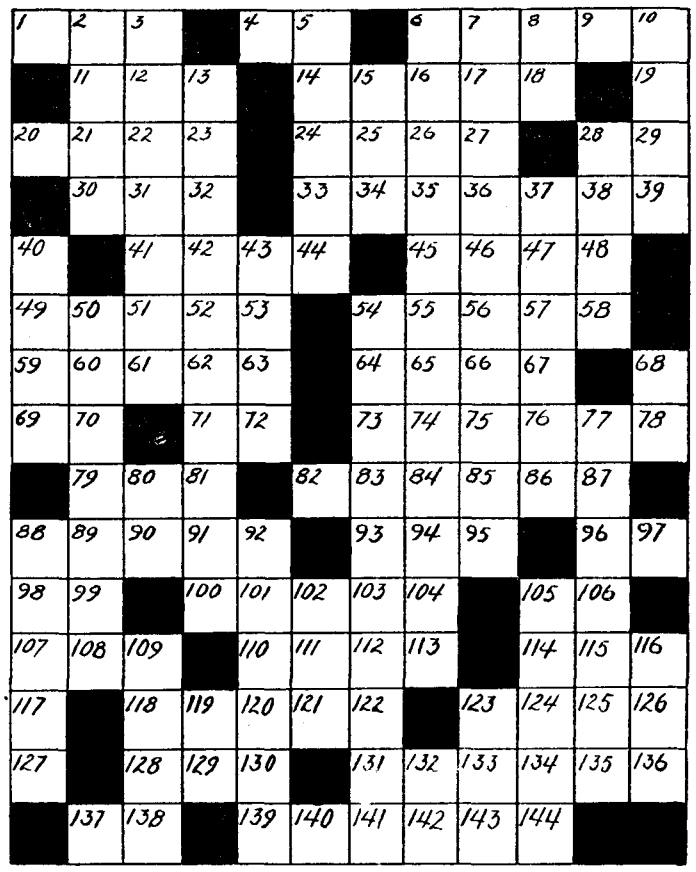
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess eighteen words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 76-80-62-138-11-45. A noisy burst of laughter.	_ _ _ _ _ _
II. 93-44-82-19-53-2-133-56-91-14. Philosophy of beauty.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 49-74-110-55-5. Loud, continued cries.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 81-122-101-4-35-140-129-68-136-18. Elated with success	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 108-8-112-3-59. Covert or distant indications.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 57-120-92-17-67-40-48-103-7-132. In all places.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 79-135-89-65-114-111-73-144. Noisy quarreling.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 70-100-77-9-83-1-16-113-61-96-33. Student of races.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 69-25-130-104-127-87-137-37-123. Random hypothesis.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 99-26-31-75-12-95-126-105-141-10. Basis.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 22-90-106-50-6-42-102-97-124-115. Any year of the last 1933.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 131-142-30-13-58. Fruity epidermis (pl.).	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 72-78-84-66-60-43-36-52-119. Political barometer (two words).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 86-51-63-21-34-24-38-29. In the open air.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 15-125-118-32-39-20-98-139. Low, flat boats.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 109-143-47-28-107-41-117-88. Given a claim.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 85-134-27-121. Subterfuge, stratagem.	_ _ _ _
XVIII. 64-54-116-46-94-71-128-23. Chemical attraction.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 15)

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH—"SUBMIT—SUBMIT"

To see things simply as they are
Here at our elbows, transcends far
Trying to spy out at midday
Some bright, particular star, which may,
Or not, be visible at night
But clearly is not in daylight.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 804)

of operating book departments is less in department stores doing total business in all departments of less than one million dollars a year than in larger stores that sell more books; and is greater in stores that do more cash business than in the stores that have more charge accounts. These statistics are not secret, but official and well known, and to ignore them is unforgivable when misleading inferences are fed to the bookbuying public in editorial columns. You do not base your article upon the fundamental situation, which is that a department store cannot afford to sell books at discount from publishers' prices and be self-sustaining and that any lower prices are not made possible by economies or savings or more efficient methods of operation, real or pretended. As a present current fact, the reported figures indicate that it costs a department store more to sell a book than its full retail list price. The ordinary bookstore is the only one that can sell books at publishers' list prices and live. The bookbuyer's interest is to have this wide distribution through neighborhood bookstores; not merely to support booksellers, but to gain local book service and volume of sales that will make possible the real economy of lower publishers' prices to the public.

The American bookseller appreciates the difference between the present conditions and the service he wishes he might perform; but for a long time past his capital has melted and his normal clientele has been enticed away by subsidized competition operating with a premeditated and intentional loss. You ask for "real bookshops for people who care for books as such in every city in America." Well, we pray and labor for that, too, but it is only by selling the current book of the moment, in quantity, that we can pay the running expenses of a shop that can show the slow-moving items. And that was an impossibility until the recent step was made, whose importance you underestimate, to eliminate books from use as bait to bring people in to see other merchandise. Did you notice that we are the last civilized country to take that simple but important step, even more important for culture and for authorship and for the wide dissemination of good reading than for the welfare of booksellers?

Making books available to the public at cheaper prices means making cheaper books. This has been attempted in three or four ill-fated ventures, well planned and well financed, in the more prosperous years recently past; and the well known names of several publishers who tried it in various forms in the preceding generation need no further mention here.

You suggest that the distribution of current books should be by cheaper methods. Surely not the book club for this purpose, as that method requires the largest operating margins of all; not the department store, for their costs are definitely shown by their statistical reports to be more than in individual bookshops. Yet department stores do have the facilities to reach wide popular audiences, and the best of their book departments are a credit to the book business; certainly some of them are fully as bookish as the average educated people of their communities. Nor the chain stores, for this purpose of distributing current books more cheaply; the two biggest chains now operating have about the same cost figures as the rest of us. Not any of the existing outlets, then. Some other method or type of store not yet known must be perfected. The cigar stores cannot successfully handle such goods on narrow margin. The ten-cent stores do a good job of distribution, but only on limited lines, and their percentage of cost is high; and most of them so far find but small demand for the books they have shown. The news stands which from your emphasis on methods of distribution in England, might be your solution, have not as yet been able to develop here the demand for current books which W. H. Smith & Son of England have achieved, and even the Smith bookstalls do better with Edgar Wallace than with Everyman, for example.

Bookstores sell a product that (rightly) is available free in the library in every town; we sell a product that requires an appreciation of Thoreau and a working estimate of Stuart Chase; an enthusiasm for a good story and an appraisal of a cook book; we sell a product that has ten thousand forms, and we must have a practical knowledge of every man's special interests as related to them all. We must meet criticisms of book prices from those who have no conception of what goes into the making of a book, of authorship or editorial preparation, yet would pay more than the price of three books for a single pair of slippers or a box of cigars.

We must learn efficient selling from experience, as there is no other school, and pay for our mistakes, for we are not endowed. And after this we must read the disheartening evidence that some still close to the business think that the only real bookshop is a bookish booke-shoppe selling Dodsley (now o. p.) but forswearing "Dodsworth." Operating a bookshop widens the business horizons and tempers hasty judgments.

ALFRED B. CARHART.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

* *

[Mr. Carhart's letter deserves an answer which may be regarded also as a reply to the other here printed. But first it should be said that another reading of the editorial in question should clear away some misapprehensions The writer had no intention of stipulating just what titles should be found in a well-run bookshop.

Nor is he in any sense in favor of price-cutting. That unhappy practice has done too much harm already. He wrote frankly as a book lover, not as a bookseller, and had neither the will nor the ability to propose the precise means by which the end of better bookselling could be attained. If chain stores are uneconomical, if the department store cannot be satisfactorily used, that is the answer, not to the question of how to sell books more effectively, but to proposals along these lines.

When a trade is (as the trade itself testifies) depressed, it is the duty of all of us who are book lovers to press for some solution, accepting competent testimony that such and such a scheme will not work. But as has been shown again and again in American business, there are solutions even to the most difficult sales problems, if by energy, ingenuity, and a new analysis of the difficulty, they can be found.

*The writer of the editorial disclaims all pontificating on means and methods in a field where only expert knowledge can avail. The point of the editorial was this: that one difficulty is the cost, all out of proportion to their lasting power, which is little more than a magazine, of ephemeral books of great immediate interest; that the problem of distributing such books should be distinguished from the problem of publishing and handling permanent additions to the library, and demands every ounce of commercial genius which a country that has shown extraordinary skill in the distribution of commodities can put into it; that it is a fair presumption that only by a sales structure that recognizes the difference between distributing books for the book lover's permanent library, and selling or lending the ephemeral commodity to those who need it, will any progress be made. The book trade has been wrestling with two problems as if they were one, and by their own admissions, made again and again in print in recent years, have suffered, as one well-wisher puts it, from stoking their fires with excelsior while the back logs of the business stay in the cellar. Nor have they properly differentiated between the casual and the constant reader, with their highly diverse tastes and needs. The editor holds no brief for department stores, chain stores, lending libraries, book clubs, cigar stores, or news stands. Specific suggestion is out of his province; but he knows, as so many know, that something needs to be done, and that a statement of the difficulties and discouragements of the book trade is not the final answer. There have been and remain devoted and hard working booksellers who have in many instances sacrificed financial security to love of their profession, and the purpose of the aforesaid editorial was to contribute if possible to their search of a solution.—*THE EDITOR.]

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

teresting source material in Mary Bennett's Ritter's *More Than Gold in California* (Professional Press, Berkeley, California). It is a memoir extending from the period of the Argonauts to 1933. * * * A quaint and interesting book, full of both spicy anecdote and scientific information, is W. Bowdin's and B. Hershey's *It's a Small World* (Coward McCann, $3). This is a treatise on the life, habits, and character of midgets. * * * Professor G. P. Murdoch of Yale has published a book on *Our Primitive Contemporaries* (Macmillan, $5) which surveys in interesting detail and bibliographical reference the customs and character of eighteen primitive peoples, many of whom are extant today.

Latest Books Received

ART

Thirty Pieces. S. Salt. Majorca, Spain: Caravel.

BELLES LETTRES

The Connection between the Ballade, Chaucer's Modification of It, Rime Royal, and the Spenserian Stanza. T. Maynard. Washington, D. C.: Catholic Univ. of America.

BIOGRAPHY

Authors-at-Arms. C. P. Hawkes. Macmillan. $3. *Prodigal Days.* E. Nesbit. Messner. $2.50. *Brothers of the Snow.* L. Trenker. Dutton. $3.75.

JUVENILE

The Dark Frigate. C. B. Hawes. Little. $1.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

Economic Handbook of the Pacific Area. Ed. F. V. Field. Doubleday. $5. *Learning to Race.* H. A. Calahan. Macmillan. $3.50. *The American Vegetable Shortening Industry.* G. M. Weber and C. L. Alsberg. Stanford University: Food Research Institute. $3.50. *An Outline of American Literature.* J. McDonald Miller. Farrar.

PAMPHLETS

Photography for Fun. W. M. Strong. Leisure League. 25 cents.

POETRY

Poemas Bizantinos en Prosa. A. M. Candioti: Belgrade. *The Mikado.* W. S. Gilbert and A. S. Sullivan. Brooklyn: Bass. 65 cents. *Tones.* Ed. L. A. McVicker. Ohio State Univ.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

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DIRECTOR, Junior School, desired at select eastern boys' prep school, experienced teacher, married, no children, wife to be house mother; Harvard, Yale or Princeton graduate preferred. Moderate salary. Box 811.

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JOB AWAITS GIRL who combines some newspaper or advertising background, sophistication, catholic reading habits, typing ability. Special work with Midwest paper. Pay bad; future fair; boss ornery. Send snap shot with letter that really says something. Box 833.

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LIKABLE, congenial men of thirty: I enjoy writing, do you? Anne.

M. B. G.—Not summering in New York; so desolated not to meet at Waldorf. Love another letter care *Review*.

ORDINARILY intelligent male, single; 42; modestly independent financially, footloose—desires similar companion for auto jaunt West and Mexico. Vagabond.

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CHARMING young couple (Jewish) want to spend few weeks' vacation wooded country, lake, golf. Crabby about food, accommodations, and Aryans. Box 836.

BACHELOR, lawyer, wants cool (relatively) room Washington, D. C., or will care for apartment or house and garden during summer in exchange reduction rent. Box 837.

FLORIDA college graduate, experienced commercial teacher (one year), desires secretarial or library position. Box 841.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Will you give me a list of books (writes A. B. of Woodside, L. I.) *either of a bibliographical character or dealing directly with the subject of social, political, moral, etc., etc., aspects of the years following upon the war up to the present—such books as, for example, Mark Sullivan's* OUR TIMES? *I do not want books of too scholarly a nature.*

THE first book, of course, which springs to mind, since it so precisely fulfils A. B.'s demand for a work that is sprightly, panoramic, and devoted to the post-war years is Frederick Lewis Allen's ONLY YESTERDAY (Harpers), a volume which holds the reader absorbed not alone because of its intrinsic interest but because in it the near past assumes an air of already having receded into history. Was it really only so short a time ago that we were shaking dubious heads over a generation that bobbed its hair, discarded chaperones, and berated its elders? Was it only yesterday that cocktail parties superseded teas, and that Sinclair Lewis gave the small town a black eye, and that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic? And the politics and political discussions that rocked us and Europe. In these days when Hitler has transformed Mussolini into a moderate statesman, these discussions wear the garb of an outmoded era. Mr. Allen was still writing around the corner from prosperity in 1931. But events have marched fast since his book first saw the light. Against his on the whole cheerful picture of rising prosperity, both to supplement and offset it, A. B. might turn to Gilbert Seldes's THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST (Little, Brown), a portrayal of living conditions before the crash and of what followed upon it. For a bird's-eye view of life in the United States in its various phases in the post-war years he will do well to read AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT (Harcourt, Brace), edited by Fred J. Ringel, and if he would get further views of politics in the United States, amusements, arts, etc., to procure Edwin C. Hill's THE AMERICAN SCENE (Witmark). Mauritz Hallgren's SEEDS OF REVOLT (Knopf), a study of American life and the temper of the American people during the depression, is both an interesting and an enlightening book, not too pessimistic in tone despite the open-eyed method of its attack. An older book which still should prove illuminating is Edward A. Ross's THE SOCIAL TREND (Appleton-Century), published in 1923, a vivid survey of the drift of American development as reflected in its attitude toward immigration and population, women, prohibition, the courts, industry, the arts, etc.

A. B. stipulated that he wanted nothing "too scholarly," but we take it, from the fact that he inquires whether we think it would be wise for him to turn to the files of old newspapers and magazines, that he is not averse to comprehensive surveys. At any rate he ought to keep in the back of his mind the fact that RECENT SOCIAL TRENDS IN THE UNITED STATES (McGraw-Hill), which embodies the findings of President Hoover's research committee on Social Trends is an excellent encyclopædia of reference. As to reading the journals themselves, we should say that should depend entirely upon A. B.'s purposes. If he is planning a book of his own, we venture to say that nothing would take the place of original sources. But if, on the other hand, what he desires is merely to gain perspective on the recent past he may find that he gets a more clear-cut impression from these books which represent winnowings from source documents than from the mass of them itself.

MOTHER GOOSE UNADULTERATED

A. K. S. of Madison, Wis., *is much perturbed because so many of the modern editions of that beloved nursery classic,* MOTHER GOOSE, *"are padded with Edward Lear limericks and twentieth century witticisms" and are "improved" as to grammar. She wants to know if there is no version which has not been so treated.*

With triumph we produce the fact that E. Boyd Smith's MOTHER GOOSE (Putnam) is a collection of rhymes of the original Newbery edition published about 1765. But we can't let our statement go unmodified like that. For, like little Jack Horner, when we started in on our investigations of MOTHER GOOSE editions, we stuck in our thumb and pulled out a plum. We discovered—what was unknown to our ignorance before—that this very Newbery edition, supposed to be the first collection of English nursery rhymes to bear the name of MOTHER GOOSE, even as it was issued, had accretions of outside material. And of all things, what? Well, first didactic comments supposedly by Oliver Goldsmith. But worse and more to come! Sixteen selections from Shakespeare! An advertisement in the Thomas reprint of the Newbery edition (issued in 1765, and the earliest extant edition since none of the Newbery copies remains) runs:

> MOTHER GOOSE MELODY; or Sonnets for the Cradle. In two Parts. Part 1st contains the most celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the old British Nurses, calculated to amuse children and excite them to sleep. Part 2nd, those of that sweet Songster and Nurse of Wit and Humour, Master William Shakespeare. Embellished with Cuts, and illustrated with Notes and Maxims, Historical, Philosophical, and Critical.

So apparently from the very beginning there never was a simon-pure MOTHER GOOSE. The original edition did not include such famous jingles as The Queen of Hearts, Mother Hubbard and Her Dog, and Jenny Wren, to mention but a few. But it did contain such others as Ding, Dong, Bell; Little Tom Tucker, Pat-a-Cake, The Pig Went to Market, etc. By 1784 when Joseph Ritson's collection of the ryhmes, entitled GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND appeared, the original fifty-two rhymes of the Newbery edition had grown to 136, and Boy Blue, Button My Shoe, London Bridge, and many others of the best loved verses had been added. If A. K. S. wants to read in detail of the evolution of MOTHER GOOSE from the beginning to the present we refer her to the account in Annie E. Moore's LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN (Houghton Mifflin).

A. K. S. wanted in addition to a modernized MOTHER GOOSE the title of "an unsophisticated A B C book, in which A stands for a simpler object than 'aeroplane' and in which the illustrations are not formal designs." She will find what she wants, we think, in Charles B. Falls's A B C BOOK (Doubleday, Doran), a volume in which the letters stand for the names of animals, and which *has clear-cut, simple* illustrations.

MYSTERY FANS, EN AVANT!

Our own extensively-read detective story fans (and that includes almost all members of the *Saturday Review* staff except the editor-in-chief himself, whom we are only slowly educating to the taste) have fallen down woefully on the following test of memory. Can anyone of our readers help J. J. E. of Oakland, Calif., who sends us the following letter, to a solution of his mystery:

> A recent article in a local paper, referring to a trial in Texas wherein one of the attorneys sought to bring a parrot into the court-room in the hope that it might say something relating to the controversy which it had witnessed, called to my mind a very interesting detective novel which I read as long ago as 1894, but of which I am unable to remember either the name or the author. The plot centers around the nocturnal murder of a man in his study. The incident involving the parrot occurs at the coroner's inquest, which is interrupted by the apparent attempt of the bird to repeat some of the victim's words at the time of the tragedy. Before it can utter more than a few syllables, one of the servants of the household accidentally stumbles and falls over the cage, crushing the unfortunate parrot. The murderer ultimately betrays himself as the butler of the deceased, who has been engaged in dishonest stock manipulations on the side and has thereby become involved in financial difficulties. One of the many exciting episodes is the kidnaping of the daughter of the murdered man, and her rescue after her place of detention has been revealed by means of messages brought home by carrier pigeons. Another has to do with the pursuit of the criminal through a rat-infested subterranean corridor, from which the rodents were temporarily expelled by chemical fumes. I would very much appreciate any information which would assist me in identifying the name, author, and publisher of this book.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> J. J. E.

PERSONALS

YOUNG woman, degreed, pedigreed, marooned dusty Indiana village and fishing poor. Won't you, whether far or near, help by correspondence? Many, many desired (but no husbands, please). Hoosier.

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WHAT Oxford Group member, bachelor or widower (not grass), over 40, would write to single woman of good intentions? Reluctant.

CLEVELAND (East Side). Young business man, 32, single, desires meeting interesting woman of artistic and literary inclinations—possessing and appreciating humor. "Italiano."

BREATHES there a man (single or widower, between 45 and 55) with sufficient whimsicality to write to a widow who loves literature, music, art and humorous companionship, and knows the value of a friend? Box 839.

YOUNG buck, 26, educated, traveled, broad experience life and things, needs work, preferably secretarial-stenographic, but can cook, keep house, sew, golf, climb, swim. Athletically inclined. Absolutely any proposition considered. Box 840.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

WINE AND PHYSIC

ALEXANDER LAING takes as initiatory quotation to his new book, "Wine and Physic: a Poem and Six Essays on the Fate of Our Language" (Farrar & Rinehart) the following lines from one sonnet in a sequence by the late Elinor Wylie:

Oh, this was nourishment and wine and physic!
This was a proud extravagance of giving!
And I have nothing to return in kind,
Save the dull mortal homage of the mind.

In his "advertisement," Mr. Laing states that poetry and prose take different journeys toward truth, and that he has therefore brought together in this book, "a poem which I know to be intolerant and some essays that I hope are not." He doesn't care which section of the book you read first, and rates himself merely as an informal philologist. I was naturally interested in reading the poem first, a part of which I had seen before. It is a spirited effort, with some good lines. It is intolerant, as he says. But intolerance is sometimes grand, in poetry. That is, intolerance of a certain kind.

The extreme left—or left-bankers—will probably throw down Mr. Laing's book at page 45, if they have not done so before; since he there suggests that "the whole purpose of language is explicit communication, and that any other use is a perversion." I, for my part, entirely agree with him, and also that, as he suggests later on, "language is the very core of the social contract."

> Is it actually true [he asks in his second essay] that the materials of the literary artist—his English words—had become so sterile, about twenty years ago, that conscientious authors saw no alternative but to set about fashioning of a new speech?

Of course it isn't true; it never has been true. If we go so far as to speak of "artists," the greatest artists in the world have usually been the last to grouse about their materials. If they were writers in English, the English language was a practically inexhaustible reservoir for the piping of their imaginations. They actually possessed themselves of vocabulary. They had so large a vocabulary that they could completely express any thought in the world that came into their heads. The point was: they had actual ideas. They didn't have to be careful to muffle up and heavily disguise ideas that wouldn't bear being brought into the full light of day. A lot of writing of the day is a desperate effort to prevent a lack of thinking, or silly thinking, from being understood. If it were understood it would be laughed at. Hence the erection of some sort of mumbo-jumbo hocus-pocus abracadabra manner of writing which the intellectual critics hasten to ponder over with heavy brows and to interpret in elephantine phrases. It's all a lot of tosh, but I suppose it's amusing for those who are easily amused.

I do not wish to give the impression, however, that Mr. Laing, in his series of essays, is not far more urbane, subtle, and variously informed than I am. That is what makes his essays pleasing to read. His examination of the work of James Joyce is as seriously intelligent as the work of a man fundamentally a genius merits. But I like his way of putting things:

> Ogden infers otherwise when he remarks that ten years of intense study "may be necessary before Mr. Joyce's 'word ballet' yields its secret even to an adjusted mind." If so, it could be acquired by ordinary persons in the primitive way only: through imitation and exclusive use in childhood. I leave it to the reader to judge the likelihood that a statistically adequate group of parents would subject their offspring to such an experiment.

It's a question of how much spare time you have on your hands, and of just what use you wish to make of it.

Mr. Laing thinks Stein "completely of her period, a bizarre offshoot of social forces that had gone very much agley, whereas Joyce has genuinely pioneered with full justification, but in a field that has scant likelihood of attaining a general value for mankind." Laing's essays continue into a discussion of the anatomy, economy, and technique of language. He is especially good upon the degeneration of words, through cant usage into slang. But I have no further space this week in which to point out the merits of his essays. They are addressed partly to teachers of English, not to pedants, and the teachers of English would gain a great deal by reading them.

FOOL'S GOLD

"Fool's Gold," by *Clyde Robertson*, won the Poetry Contest started by *Versecraft*. The book is published by the Banner Press, at Station E, Atlanta (presumably Georgia). It is illustrated by *Sheila Burlingame*. Mrs. Robertson knows her Colorado. "Talk o' the Town," a ballad concerning a light-hearted lady named Poney Nelson, isn't so bad. These are rough-cast ballads, most of them, of mining-camp and gold-rush. Near the end of the book Mrs. Robertson gets more conventional. I should say that her work had a lot more color and force to it than the work of nine-tenths of the women poets whose lines I peruse; although she could greatly increase her technical skill. Her forte is the telling of a good story in verse—and there is a place for that. The following is very good of its kind:

> *"Better come in,*
> *There's work to do!*
> *Settin' by an apple tree—*
> *Red apples, too—*
> *No safe place*
> *For a girl like you."*
>
> *"You'll get fired,*
> *Sarey Bliven,*
> *Mopin' out there*
> *When the boss is givin'*
> *A party for his bride—*
> *Then, where you livin'?"*
>
> *"Never did see*
> *Such a crazy loon—*
> *Lips puckered up*
> *To a lonesome tune—*
> *Lookin' like a lost sheep*
> *Starin' at the moon."*

It ought to be called "Adam Speaks to Eve."

The AMEN CORNER

> *"A tone*
> *Of some world far from ours,*
> *Where music and moonlight and feeling*
> *Are one."*[1]

Not three weeks ago, the Oxonian, wandering down the High Street of that "towery city"[2] where the Oxford University Press has its home,[3] stopped in at University College, and, to fill an idle moment, looked at the Shelley Memorial again. No matter how often seen, its effect remains startlingly dramatic; the sense of Shelley's identification with death as he poetically conceived it is very striking.

In this, indeed, Mr. Benjamin P. Kurtz of the University of California, finds the keynote of Shelley's poetry, in his study called *The Pursuit of Death*,[4] which, while we were wandering in the High, has been awarded the annual gold medal of the Commonwealth Club of California for the year's finest book by a California author.

When it was published last Fall the *Boston Transcript* called it "a book which no student of Shelley, of romanticism, or of the history of thought, can disregard." With the exception of the work of John Churton Collins and G. E. Woodberry, "the present study," said the *New Republic*, "is the only authoritative attempt made to arrive at the meaning behind Shelley's poetry."

We also found that during our absence the Oxford Press had published a most interesting book called *After Shelley*,[5] being the letters of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Shelley's friend who was sent down from Oxford with him, to Jane Williams, the wife of Edward Williams, who was drowned with Shelley, and the "Jane" and "Miranda" of some of Shelley's poems. The introduction, by Sylva Norman (the wife of Edmund Blunden who did for the Oxford Press *Sketches in the Life of John Clare*)[6], tells for the first time the consecutive story of Jane's strange life and her alliance with Hogg, who fell in love with her on her return to England from Italy—after the death of Shelley and her husband. It is another highly interesting sidelight on the great—and complicated—story of Shelley and his circle.

The Oxford Press has just published also *Keats's Anatomical Notebook*,[7] edited by Maurice Buxton-Forman, who edited the revised collection of *Keats's Letters*.[8] In an edition limited to 350 copies, with one page reproduced in collotype facsimile, it is a book for those who want to know Keats in every respect. Another interesting Keats item is the facsimile edition, in the *Oxford Miscellany Series*[9] of the 1820 volume of *Poems*. The complete *Poems*, of course, are in the *Oxford Standard Authors* series.[10] You can also find them in our favorite pocket series, the *World's Classics*[11]—to which have just been added three new titles, *Nine Stories* by Tolstoy, *Five Elizabethan Comedies*, and another novel by Constance Holme called *Crump Folk Going Home*.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) "To Jane" from ***Shelley's Complete*** *Poetical Works in the Oxford Standard Authors* series, $1.50. Write for complete list. (2) "Duns Scotus's Oxford," from *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*. $3.00. (3) The New York office is at 114 Fifth Avenue. (4) $3.50. (5) $3.00. (6) $2.50. (7) $4.75. (8) 2 vols., $14.00. (9) $1.25 each. Write for list. (10) $1.50 each. (11) 80c each. Write for complete list.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞A "Special Release" from Covici-Friede (what a just Ordinary Release might emit we can't imagine) says they've already had an order for their recently announced edition of the Canterbury Tales with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. The Maharajah of Pithapuram desiderates a copy, "to be sent to him at his palace, Gulaby, Adyar, Madras, India." This moved Medium Q, to wit:—

The Maharajah of Pithapuram
Had a lot of new books, but he couldn't endure 'em.
He sat in his palace at Gulaby, Adyar,
And fussed and fumed, getting maddyer and maddyer,
Furiouser and furiouser, and crosser and crosser,
Till he got his copy of Rockwell Kent's Chaucer.*

☞ Schulte's at 80 Fourth Avenue is having its annual July book sale. The new catalogue offers 30 remarkable letters of the late poet George Sterling and quotes enticingly from their candors. Sterling wrote in 1920 "I had an indignant letter from old————because I'd not only refused the honor of joining the American Institute of Arts and Letters, but because I did so in 'unwarrantable language.'" ☞George Sterling's comments on the plodding percherons of the Muse remind us of those perennial lines *The good are so harsh to the clever, the clever so rude to the good.* ☞Speaking of letters, always our favorite kind of literature, we learn from the *Letters Supplement* of *Time* that the only U. S. coin which omits the motto *In God We Trust* is the one which is most useful of all—the nickel. ☞H. M. Fletcher, bookseller of 49 Cecil Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England, offers to George Gissing collectors the remarkable series of presentation copies (all in first editions) given by the author to his intimate friend Eduard Bertz. Mr. Fletcher values the collection at £1,250. ☞Thomas Perry Stricker, one of the most talented young printers in California (at Los Angeles) has personally set up, printed and bound 150 copies of that gorgeous old dithyramb *A Song to David*. The legend is that it was scratched out with a key on the wainscot of a cell in Bedlam—by Kit Smart (1722-1771). ☞A very amiable book is Lord Berners' *First Childhood*, a really intelligent and humorous autobiography (Farrar & Rinehart). What extraordinary boyhoods the English milords have, and how it develops their irreverent sense of comedy. ☞Stanley Remington, 347 N. Charles St., Baltimore, says he has sold over 15,000 copies of Sir William Osler's fine essay *A Way of Life* without any effort or exploitation. He is reissuing it now in a new format.

☞ Poor Old Quercus, always dismayed by skeletons in closets, was shocked to learn (in a review by Michael Sadleir in *Time and Tide*) that when the famous "Christopher North" (John Wilson) held the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh all his lectures were doped out for him by an obscure Englishman called Alexander Blair. Sadleir says: "The renowned Professor of Moral Philosophy was almost wholly a sham. The lectures which thrilled generations of students and moved even the lecturer's colleagues to tears of emotion were not written by Wilson at all, but merely dramatized by him." Here is an odd item for collectors to paste in their copies of *Noctes Ambrosianae*.

*Author (*vide* old Random House lists) of *Moby Dick*.

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